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THE FIRST AFFINITY.

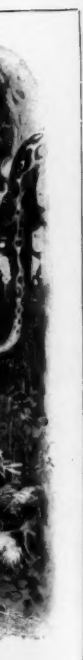
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AN ORDEAL.

"I'm a good deal worried about this suffragette meeting," said the policeman.

"Are you apprehensive of disorder?"

"Not at all. But it's a terrible thing to have to stand around and listen to all those speeches."—*Washington Star*.

HOW JOHNNY MANAGED IT.

"You and that little Wattles boy seem to play very nicely together," said Johnny's mother. "I am glad there is one boy in the neighborhood that you can get along with."

"Yes," replied Johnny, "I lick him every morning and then he's nice to me all day."—*The Chicago Record-Herald*.

MR. NAT GOODWIN, in annexing Exhibit D. clearly establishes his right to be known as the male Lillian Russell of the American stage.—*Washington Herald*.

"Sim, the town council is a little worried about this Salomé act you've booked for the op'ry house."

"Oh, I've cut out the objectionable features."

"That's just it. We wuz afeerd you would."—*Kansas City Journal*.

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"



WEIGHING HIM.

CELIA.—Of course, he seems a little uncouth, but back of his merely superficial faults he has much to recommend him.

DELIA.—Yes, the things that are sterling and count.

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QUALITY IS ALWAYS FOUND IN

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"Did your friend make a hit at the literary club?"

"I guess he did. He pronounced 'Les Miserables' in a brand-new way, and then alluded to it as Victor Herbert's masterpiece."—*Washington Herald*.

"So you are a great admirer of Shakespeare?"


"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "The man had more than genius. It was prescience. Think of his being able, without having seen me act, to write parts that would fit me so admirably."—*Washington Star*.



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A WORKER.

"Does your representative in Congress do much work?"

"I should say so," answered Farmer Cornloss.

"In what way?"

"Gettin' hisself re-elected."—*Washington Star*.

THE Macon *Telegraph* chuckles to itself whenever it thinks of Mr. Roosevelt's first encounter with the editorial blue pencil. What will happen, sure enough, when an irresistible big stick meets an immovable blue pencil?—*Washington Herald*.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
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Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

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It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals, wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 3c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



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ARTHUR.—They say, dear, that people who live together get to look alike.

KATE.—Then you must consider my refusal as final.—*New York Sun.*

SECURED 19 cases celebrated BRIDGEPORT MONONGAHELA PURE RYE WHISKEY Bottled in Bond, nearly eight years old—Pure, Palatable, Perfect. Makes a splendid present. Send \$20 for case of 12 full quarts (plain case if desired) f. o. b. distillery. Case four years old \$12.
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"YSOBEL, do you think you could learn to love me?" "Learn to love you! Oh! Maltravers, I could give lessons in loving you.—*Modern Society.*

COOK'S vs. IMPORTED CHAMPAGNE.

When you buy champagne, whether at your club, at a hotel or for private family use, it certainly seems foolish to pay two prices for it; yet that is exactly what you do when you buy imported champagne. The extra price you pay does not represent quality—it represents impost duties.

It is a fact not generally known, but none the less true, that many so-called foreign wines are in reality of American make, shipped to France and there bottled, labeled and reshipped to this country, bearing a fancy foreign label and you are asked to pay three or four times its intrinsic worth. In other words, you are paying for that label and two ocean voyages.

Cook's Imperial Champagne, an American product, is as fine a wine as can possibly be produced. It is made from choicest grown grapes, picked fresh from the vine, when the juice is ripe for wine pressing. Connoisseurs unite in saying that in point of flavor, bouquet, life and sparkle, Cook's Imperial equals the finest genuine imported varieties and surpasses most of them, yet the price is only half what you are asked to pay for foreign wines.

Every one who appreciates the good things of life should take home a bottle of this truly excellent wine and convince himself that, regardless of price, it is far and away the best champagne obtainable. The man who says an imported champagne is better than Cook's Imperial, should have the labels switched on him for proof to the contrary. It is served at the best bars, hotels and cafés in the country.

DOCTOR FELL.

I do not love you, Doctor Fell; the reason why, I'll briefly tell:

The doctor of the olden days had kindly words and pleasant ways; and though his pills were on the bum, and sent folks off to Kingdom Come, and though he liked to swell the hosts of skeletons and sheeted ghosts, it never was his foolish plan, to use a saw on every man. Unlike the modern maniacs, who carve their patients with an axe, he dealt out calomel or nux, and soaked us for a pair of bucks, and if he killed us—good old soul! he left us to be planted whole.

When I am sickly and unstrung, you ask me to unfurl my tongue; you feel my pulse and prod my back, and say my liver's out of whack, and then you shed your vest and coat, and push a lantern down my throat, and say: "Great Cæsar! What a heart! I'll have to take you all apart." And on your table I am laid, while you go out to hunt a spade, to dig around among my works and find the blamed old germ that lurks around the angles of my frame—the way you carve me is a shame.

When winter comes, with frost and snow, I have a chilblain on my toe; and when for liniment I beg, you want to amputate my leg; and when my throat gets sore and raw, you want to cure it with a saw; to cure my baldness, you, I ween, would run me through a guillotine. A leg of mine is now at rest among the doctors of the West; an Eastern doctor has in brine about eight inches of my spine; the jaw that once adorned my mouth, is kept in pickle in the South.

I do not love you Doctor Fell; you carve too fluently and well; I fear you and your edged tools; I'll send to correspondence schools for absent treatment when I'm ill—or hit the good old-fashioned pill.—*Walt Mason in the Emporia Gazette.*

THE VICTIM.

MADGE.—Miss Avoirdupois is taking horseback riding. Has she got off any fat?

DOLLY.—Yes; off the horse.—*Lippincott's.*

WORKING BOTH WAYS.

"So you think it is an advantage to a man to go to Congress for a while?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "It gives the people in his own town a chance to think he is a great man in Washington, and the people in Washington a chance to think he is a great man in his own town.—*Wash. Star.*

WHEN Charles Dudley Warner was the editor of the Hartford, Connecticut, *Press*, back in the sixties, arousing the patriotism of the State by his vigorous appeals, one of the type-setters came in from the composing-room, and, planting himself before the editor, said: "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army."

With mingled sensations of pride and responsibility, Mr. Warner replied encouragingly that he was glad to see that the man felt the call of duty.

"Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful compositor; "but I'd rather be shot than try to set any more of your copy."—*Exchange.*



Drink the Health

of your holiday guests in a glass of "Old James E. Pepper" Whiskey. The name and the fame of Old Pepper Bourbon is a part of the history of the republic. One hundred and twenty-eight years ago, the first Old Pepper Whiskey was made by Elijah Pepper of the famous old Culpepper family of Virginia. It is made today by the same old process, in an old-fashioned distillery in the celebrated blue grass and sparkling limestone spring-water section of Kentucky. It is as pure as a snowdrop—as fragrant as the heart of a rose—as mellow and ripe as

old age itself. Naturally aged in white oak casks and bottled in bond at the distillery.

Ask for "Old James E. Pepper." You will appreciate its delicious flavor, purity and rare medicinal qualities. If your dealer does not handle it, or if you live in localities where liquors are not sold, write us at once for the name of our nearest distributor, who will supply you direct, with the positive guarantee that if it does not prove eminently satisfactory—we'll refund your money.

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SOUND BUSINESS SENSE.

A little chap in Philadelphia, whose father is a prominent merchant and, as such, never loses an opportunity to descant upon the virtues of advertising, one day asked his mother:

"May Lucy and I play at keeping store in the front room?"

"Yes," assented the mother; "but you must be very, very quiet."

"All right," said the youngster; "we'll pretend we don't advertise."—*Lippincott's.*

XMAS GIFTS Diamonds on Credit

For Christmas Presents the Loftis System is a great convenience. It enables you to make beautiful and valuable gifts without the outlay of much money. A small cash payment and you can give a "loved one" your choice of the finest diamonds, watches and other high-grade jewelry. MAKE YOUR SELECTIONS NOW from our Christmas catalog. We will send them for your inspection. If satisfied, pay one-fifth on delivery; balance in 5 monthly payments. Write for Catalog Today.

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OVERTURE.

T

RT
ulk.



BRINGING HOME THE YULE LOG.
THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.



A LOVER'S GIFT.



COULD I but offer a Christmas gift"—
He paused and his deep tones shook.
They always did when he saw her lift
Her eyes with that tranquil look.

"Could I but hope"—he grew bold again—
"That your love would be all my own,
To have and to hold you, in joy and pain,
My treasure and mine alone—

"Grant me, this happy Christmastide
Your heart, with its precious freight,
And be forever my love, my bride"—
And then, as she saw him wait—

"But, what are you giving me?" she said;
And slangy, at all, she was not.
"I fail to perceive any gift—instead,
I think you are asking a lot!"

Madeline Bridges.

THAT UNEXPECTED PRESENT.

Nov. 2.—"Charley, I have decided we will not have any Christmas this year."

A nebulous light of intelligence broke through Bentley's countenance, and he studied his wife thoughtfully for a moment. She was certainly in earnest.

"The panic has made it hard for everybody," she went on, "and our friends will understand. And now, Charley, I don't want you to buy me a thing this Christmas, not a thing. I am in earnest about it. We can not really afford it. I want you to save your money so you won't be worried during the winter."

Nov. 12.—"I am so glad, Charley, that we decided not to have any Christmas, for if you give me that lovely set of furs for my birthday it will be positively all we can afford. It is sensible of you to put the money in one big beautiful gift, and it is so sweet of you to think of getting them for

me—And dear, if it is just the same to you, have them sent up to-morrow. It is only two weeks until my birthday, but if it turns cold I'll need them Friday."

Nov. 25.—"Did you know, old man,"—she sits on his knee and playfully taps his nose with her forefinger—"that to-morrow your 'old woman' will be twenty-eight? Say—won't you tell me what you are going to give me for my birthday? I'm awfully anxious to know."

"Birthday? Why, I thought the furs—"

"Oh, yes, certainly. But really, dear, you never let my birthday go by without something—some little surprise! Why I would cry my eyes out."

Dec. 23.—(Mrs. B. to departing friend, in hall near open sitting room door—husband inside.) "No, not exactly, but I think I can guess. I heard he was at Highwayman's store yesterday, and I am almost sure he intends to get me that lovely Oriental rug we saw in the window last week. Oh, it's a dream—the dearest thing you ever saw. Of course I'm only guessing, but I almost know he intends to surprise me with it. Charles has *such* good taste and he is *so* generous. Yes, it *will* be lovely, there isn't any thing in the world I would rather have."

Bentley smiles grimly. The paper vanishes from before his eyes and in its place comes the ways-and-means slate upon which he begins to figure the problem of the Unexpected Present.

Wm. H. Hamby.



THE ECONOMICAL PARENT.

"There, children! There is your pretty Christmas tree. Think how nice it is to have one growing in your own front yard."

YES AND NO.

AUNT MARY.—I hope, Emily, that you and Charles will never become cold and distant.

EMILY.—We may get cold, auntie; but I am sure there is no danger in our becoming distant. We intend to live always in a flat.

AT THE PEARLY GATES.

"YOUR HARF," said a polite attendant.

"Thanks."

"Your halo."

The attendant turned away.

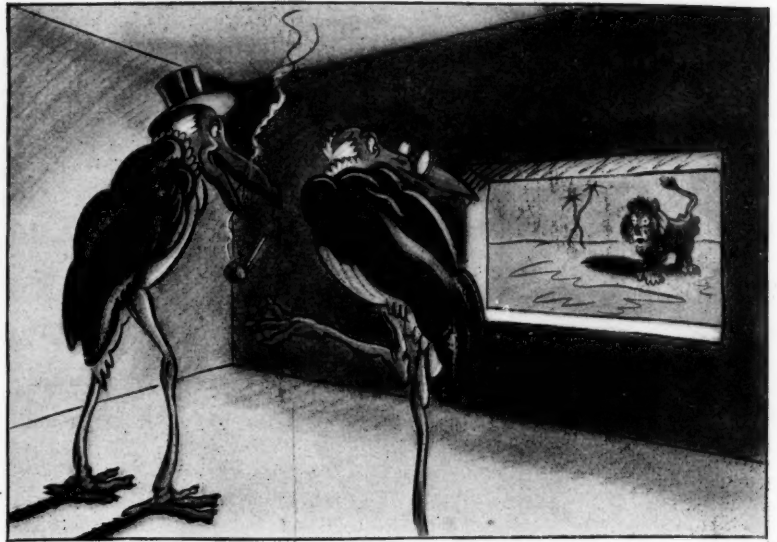
"And my lorgnette, please," commanded Mrs. DeStyle, with well-bred hauteur.

PRUDERY is some previous season's styles in modesty.

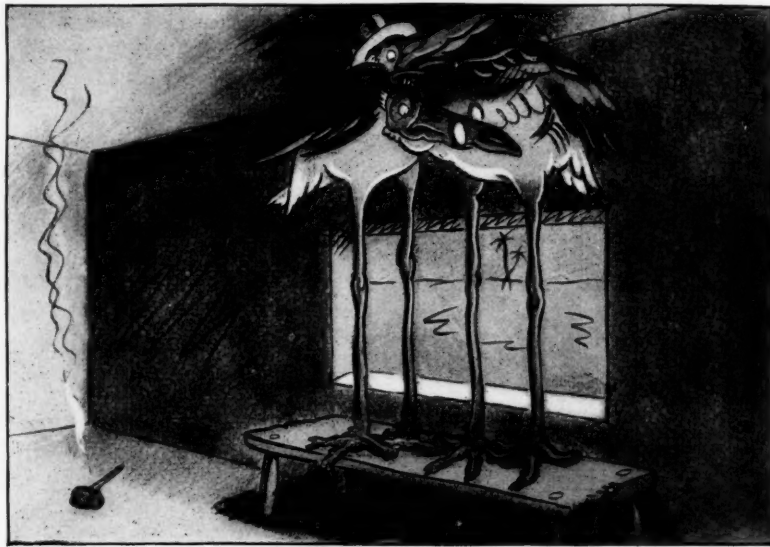
MRS. CLATTER EXPLAINS.

"**W**ES, doctor; I sent for you to come and see this boy of ours. I think that it is too much candy, but his father doesn't agree with me and pooh-poohs at the idea of its being candy that makes the boy so sort of under the weather. But I am quite sure that the child *does* eat too much candy. His father brought home five cents' worth day before yesterday, and he brings home ten cents' worth every Saturday night. Of course, I feel that candy in moderation does no great harm, but when it comes to—put out your tongue for the doctor, Willie. There! you see how coated it is and, of course, that shows a disordered stomach. He hasn't as strong a digestion as our other children. I know that when he was just a little thing he had ill turns with his stomach, and some things the other children could eat didn't agree with him, and when he was about three years old he had a real serious time with indigestion; had sore throat and was real sick for 'most a week, and I attributed it to sugar in his oatmeal. I have read several times that sugar on oatmeal made it indigestible for some children, and I know that my sister, Mary, has a little girl eight years old who simply can't eat sugar on oatmeal; and then there is my brother Henry's boy, just three weeks and two days younger than Willie here—he can make his oatmeal fairly ropy with sugar and it doesn't seem to hurt him, but I often tell Henry that the boy may feel it later in life even if he doesn't now. I am convinced that all children eat too much sweet nowadays. I know that when I was a child children were healthier and stronger than they are now. My parents had nine, and we almost never had a doctor in the house, and I have heard my mother say that—no, he hasn't been especially thirsty, but then he drinks the least water of any child I ever saw in my life. I think that there are days at a time when he never takes a drink of water, and here his brother Harry has to have at least two glasses at every meal. That reminds me, doctor, do you think a child should drink two glasses of water with

PRESENCE OF MIND.



"Great Cheops! A Lion! Bring over that bench—quick!"



"Now get on it—quick! and he'll think the window's——"

his meals? I think that it hinders digestion; but when I say that to my husband, he always says that the boy is never sick from one year's end to the other, but that is not saying that so much water drinking is not harmful to him. I had a cousin out in Iowa who had a boy who was never sick a day in his life until he was fifteen, and then he just seemed to fade away; and I don't think that you can argue that because a child is well he is always going to stay so, and that is one reason why I think it is a good thing to look after the diet of children even when they are well. I have a neighbor who allows her children to eat anything under the sun they want—doughnuts, pickles,

pie, cheese, candy, and I—yes, he slept very well last night, doctor. But then he has always been a sound sleeper. He is the only one of my four children who never was any trouble at night when he was a baby. We could put him to bed at about six o'clock and not a sound would we hear from him until next morning, and his brother Harry was just the other way. He would be awake a dozen times in the night and just fairly wore us out, and when he was asleep and we had to all go tip-toeing around the house for fear we would wake him. I think that it was nervousness more than anything else. He's a nervous boy now and—no, he hasn't eaten anything to-day, doctor. At least not to speak of. I gave him a little dry toast with just the least little bit of butter on it, but I thought it best not to have him try to eat much until you saw him. I always think that it is just as well to let the stomach rest as much as possible when one has a coated tongue, no matter if one feels a desire to eat and—usually, doctor, I treat the children myself for little ailments, and I have given him a little nux vomica. I have a little medicine case with twenty or thirty bottles of simple remedies, and I have a 'Family Physician at Home' doctor book that I have read enough to know just what certain symptoms mean. My husband says that he thinks that if a child is ill enough to need medicine the doctor had better give that medicine; but I had an uncle who was a doctor, and a cousin of mine on my father's side is a doctor, and so it rather runs in



"Barred!!"

The mule may think harder than the average actor, but he can't outkick him.



THE WILLOW PATTERN UP TO DATE.

STORY OF THE FAMOUS ELOPEMENT WITH ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

our family to know about medicine, and I often think that I would have made a good doctor if I had studied for it, for I always feel so at home in the sick-room and always seem to know by some sort of intuition just what to do. I think that I would have made a good nurse, and my husband is just the opposite. He never knows what to do in time of sickness and—a glass of water? Certainly, I will have one brought right away. I have one of these regular medicine glasses with a glass cover that you can lay the spoon on. They do have so many little conveniences for the sick-room now that they didn't have when I was a girl. No one thought of having a screen to keep off draughts, and some people seemed to think that it was dangerous to have any fresh air in a room and—O, it seems to me that all the methods of caring for the sick have changed so much and—yes, a glass of water. I will have the maid bring it right up. She is right out here in the hall sweeping. Katie! O, Katie! will you please go down-stairs and bring up a glass of water?—a full glass, doctor? Only about half full? I thought you hardly wanted the glass full. Half full, Katie, and be as expeditious as you can, for the doctor is in a hurry and has no time to waste. And a spoon, Katie, and you better scald the spoon, Katie. I think, doctor, that one can never be too careful about things to be used in the sick-room and—yes, Katie, half full. I said, half full. I have a very good maid, doctor, but she is a little hard to make understand; but in these days one has to put up with a good deal and close their eyes to many things in maids, for they are so hard to get. I couldn't get a girl for love or money when we came from the country last Fall, and I did my own work excepting to have a woman in by the day

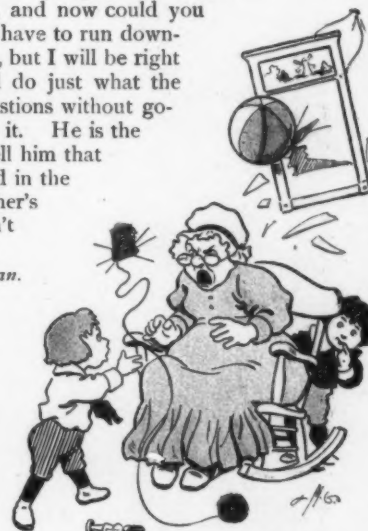
for three weeks, and then I had to take what I could get and not what I wanted, although I will say for Katie that she is very good in many ways. Her bread is poor, and she is less thorough than I would like her to be, and she wants to run every night, but—thank you, Katie. Here is the water, doctor, and now could you excuse me for just a moment or two? I have to run down-stairs to give an order to the grocer's boy, but I will be right back and—be a good boy, Willie, and do just what the doctor wants you to, and answer his questions without going all around Robin Hood's barn to do it. He is the greatest boy to talk, doctor. I often tell him that his tongue is loose at both ends and tied in the middle. I think he gets it from his father's father. Such a talker as he is! But don't talk the doctor to death, Willie."

Max Merryman.

THE WAY OF TRUE LOVE.

THREE or four several times was her heart broken. Twice, at least, she ate it out. But hereupon she was turned twenty-four.

"I've had my fling!" she exclaimed, sadly, and added, with a sigh: "I suppose I must marry." And so she gave her heart to the first man who happened along, and lived happily ever after.



THE CHRISTMAS BALL.



FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE AMATEUR SANTAS OF AMERICA.

THE REAL SANTA CLAUS (*to his deputies*).—Now, gentlemen, this is my latest portrait. I know it is hard for a tall, thin man to be round and fat on short notice, but making due allowances, please look as much like me as possible when you do your Christmas Eve stunt.

PUCK



CHRISTMAS MAGIC.

THE changes by this season wrought
Are wonderfully magical,
And leave no attitude for aught
That's sordid, dark or tragical.
Competitors who yesterday
Just ached and schemed to "do" you
Now stop to give a tip, and say:
A Merry Christmas to you!

Your great and little foes forget
Their grievances and smile on you;
Acquaintances but rarely met
A chum's attentions pile on you.
The frugal friend that heretofore
Drank *solus*, never "blew" you,
Stands treat and cries at each encore:
A Merry Christmas to you!

Your neighbor of the leisured class
Dumb in his yearlong vanity,
Bids you good morrow as you pass
With actual urbanity!
The haughty miss that took your seat
Each night, yet never knew you,
Unbends and calls across the street:
A Merry Christmas to you!

If there are some that in your haste
You've treated coldly, slightly,
Or with a fervency misplaced
Frowned down on blackly, blighting,
Go to them now while Yule-tide glee
Possesses, circuits through you,
Heal the old hurts and it will be
A Merry Christmas to you!

Edward W. Barnard.

"OL' NUTMEG'S" CHRISTMAS SAYINGS.

CHRIS'MAS gen'ly means most tew the ones who hev the least.

Mr. Santy Claus, like ev'rybuddy else, prefers a nice, full stockin'.

It is an abserlute fact thet some Santy Clauses crawl aout uv a purty small hole.

Some Christmas presunts make a feller wonder of his friens ain't his enemies in disguise.

Swappin' hosses is abaout played aout, but the swappin' uv Chris'mus presunts goes on furever.

The Chris'mus tree never bears but one crop, an' yit it continers tew hol' its own in public favor.

Santy Claus may not be much with the needle, but I reckon he "darns" stockin's sometimes.

No marter what sort uv an argymunty a father puts up he can't dodge the Santy Claus issue.

The Chris'mus tree seems tew be abaout the on'y kind uv a tree thet the av'rige youngster doesn't wanten climb.

It's mighty poor bizniz not tew hev any uv the Chris'mus sperit 'cept the kind thet comes in a case.

One night in the year a boy henges up his stockin's; the rest uv the time he doesn't even lay 'em over the back uv a cheer.

"It is more blessed tew give than tew

receive" is fully recog- nized by the pusson who a few days arfter Chris'mus hez a haouse full uv presunts an' wants the room fur somethin' else.

Joe Cone.

BURDENSOME.

MRS. DE FLASHLEIGH (*dressing for charity ball*).—I suppose I'll have to wear all my diamonds, Livingstone?

MR. DE FLASHLEIGH.—Do as you please, dear; but if they fatigue you, don't expect me to lug them around.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL.

RVER.—Is she over thirty-five?

DYER.—Well, she's standing under the mistletoe.

PROOF LACKING.

JOHNNY.—It didn't seem a bit like Christmas.

MOTHER.—Why not?

JOHNNY.—I didn't have a stomach ache.

A REGULAR BARN.

THE old woman who lived in a shoe complained of cramped quarters.

"Why not try a Christmas stock- ing?" they suggested.

So she immediately adopted the hint.

LOCAL OPTION.

STRANGER.—Is this a dry town?

CITIZEN.—Are you a stranger here?

STRANGER.—I am.

CITIZEN.—It is.

SINGED!



I.



II.

FEMININE FINANCE.

CRAWFORD.—I hope you fol- lowed my advice and exercised due care in the selection of the pres- ents you purchased for your friends.

MRS. CRAWFORD.—Indeed I did, dear. I bought only the things with which they gave a double quan- tity of trading stamps.

FIGURED IT OUT.

FREDDIE.—Say, dad, I know why they don't allow children in flats.

COBWIGGER.—Why, my boy?

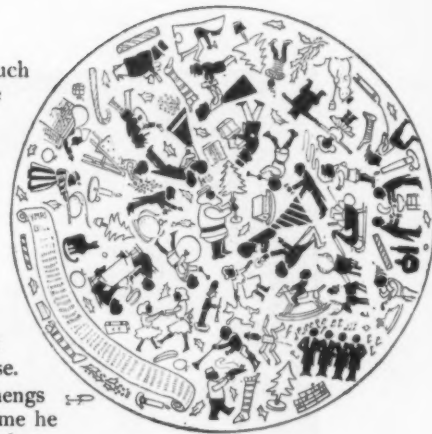
FREDDIE.—Because there is no room in them to put up a Christ- mas tree.



III.



IV.



AN ATOM OF DECEMBER AIR (GREATLY MAGNIFIED), SHOW- ING THE CHRISTMAS GERM.



THOSE TEMPTING GLASS BALLS.

COLONEL SAGE BRUSH OF ARIZONA IS VISITING RELATIVES IN THE EAST THIS CHRISTMAS.

PUCK

THE INDISPENSABLE.



YOU wish to spell rightly the name of some man,
French, German or Russian, from Spain or Japan?
Don't bother to ask him — just quietly look
At how it is spelled in the telephone book.

And have you a baby to christen for life:
Do family names stir up envy and strife?
An innocent choice can be made if you look
At all the fine names in the telephone book?

Perhaps you're a Dickens, whose characters seem
To live by their names in the public esteem;
Your help is at hand, for you'll find if you look
All sorts of queer names in the telephone book.

I'm sure when the judgment day comes, and the roll
Is called, they won't need the big manuscript scroll.
The angel will find, if he'll trouble to look,
The sheep and the goats in the telephone book.

Eunice Ward

SUBURBAN INGENUITY.

"OUR neighbor, Humphreys, is a most ingenious fellow," said Smith to Green. And then Smith began to laugh.

"How so?" inquired Green with a puzzled air.

"Why, because he subscribes to an afternoon paper." Here Smith laughed again.

"What is there so funny about his subscribing to an afternoon paper?" asked Green, more puzzled than ever.

"Why," continued Smith, "because he lives about an eighth of a mile from the nearest letter-box and it is often a very distressing trip to make in bad weather; and, as he does all his writing during the day, he likes to send it off in the evening mail, so he most ingeniously conceived the idea of subscribing for an afternoon paper. I tell you, Humphreys has a head on his shoulders."

Then Smith laughed again, and it was a laugh that showed his appreciation of ingenuity and cleverness.

"Now, see here," said Green, "I am completely mistified, and cannot see through your story at all. Will you kindly tell me why Humphreys is ingenious because he subscribes to an afternoon paper,

SUCH A MERRY XMAS.

THE MONK (*under orders*).—Say, old man, the tiger's agreed to do the Santa Claus-going-down-the-chimney-act at our Christmas party, and he wants you to help him out.

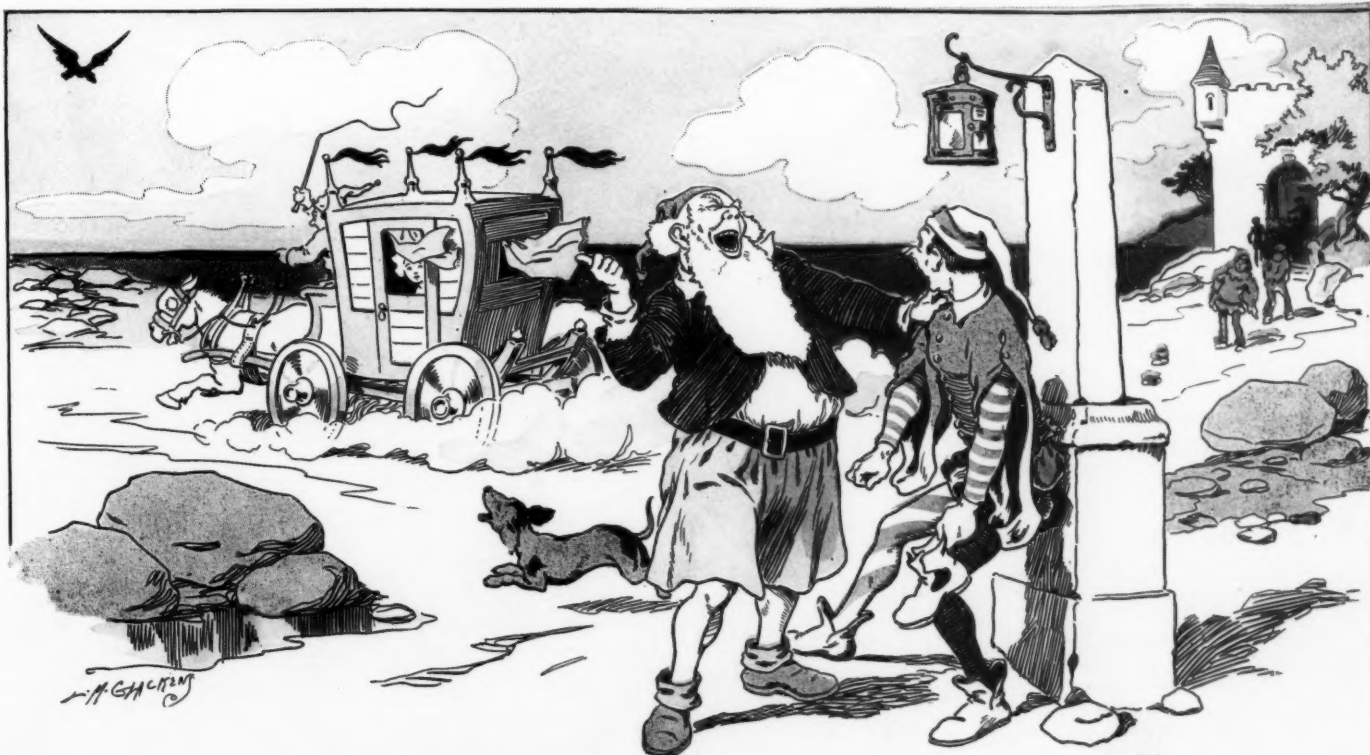
THE GIRAFFE.—W-w-what does he want of m-me?

THE MONK.—He wants you to be the chimney.

and what his subscription to an afternoon paper has to do with depositing his letters in the box which is an eighth of a mile away?"

"Certainly, with pleasure," replied Smith; "when the postman delivers letters at six o'clock, he takes any letters you may have to post. If he has no letters for you, he goes hustling merrily by, and you still have your outgoing letters on your hands. Now, Humphreys subscribes to the afternoon paper, because the postman delivers it at six P. M. It compels the postman to come to his door, and when he does come he is given any letters that Humphreys may have ready to go. Now, is not Humphreys ingenious, and is not his plan worthy of applause and imitation?"

R. K. M.



METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.

"Sufferin' Cupid," swore the Wedding Guest, "here you've kept me listening to that crazy yarn of yours and I've missed the whole ceremony. There they go on their way to Niagara now."

"Well, the yarn served its purpose anyway," chuckled the Ancient Mariner, "just one fool wedding guest didn't get a chance to chuck old shoes and rice at the bride and groom."

PUCK

BY BULLETINS.

THE DAY BEFORE.

EIGHT A. M.—Family at Breakfast. Declaration of Tommy, aged six, that he doesn't want a sled after all, but prefers skates. Agonized look of heads of family, who have already purchased a "Lightning Flier." Gentle hints from mother that Tommy really prefers a sled. Reiteration on Tommy's part. Big sister assures the world at large that Santa Claus told her he didn't have enough skates to go around this year but that he had some of the nicest sleds you ever saw! Tears from Tommy.

8:50 A. M.—Children are left in the nursery with strict injunctions to stay there. Temporary silence.

9:30.—Strange man rings door bell to say that there is a little boy hanging out of the third floor window.

9:34.—Rescue of Tommy, who has been defying the laws of gravitation in order to watch the passing delivery wagons more closely.

9:40.—Short sharp sounds as of the palm of the hand being brought in vigorous contact with some elastic surface.

1:05 P. M.—Family assemble at lunch. Agnes, aged five, attempts to make a realistic exhibition of Santa Claus' sled with the celery dish and is severely reprimanded.

1:10.—Door bell rings and large package is handed in. Great excitement!

2:30.—Agnes helps the cook in the kitchen.

3:15.—Cook threatens to leave.

3:45.—Tremendous racket in third story, followed by shrill cries. Tommy is found on closet floor under pile of boxes.

6:03.—Dinner. Tommy announces that he doesn't believe in Santa Claus any more, anyway, because he saw his rabbits come in a wagon.

7:00.—Agnes writes letter to Santa Claus and burns her fingers trying to send it up the chimney.

7:30.—Hanging of stockings.

7:35.—Tears and lamentations from Agnes, who discovers how much smaller her stocking is than Tom's.

7:40.—Agnes appeased with offer of one of father's stockings.

7:45.—Renewed tears upon the discovery that father's stocking "hasn't got any leg on it!"

8:00.—Tommy decides to sit up all night and put Santa Claus to the test.

8:15.—Tommy is persuaded to lie down a few minutes.

8:30.—Silence in the nursery.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

5:30 A. M.—Tommy and Agnes arise to examine their stockings.



"MY KINGDOM FOR A REINDEER!"



REVISED.

"And when she got there the cupboard was bare, For the dog had been there on his own."



A HEALTH RESORT.

"Is this a healthy place?"

"You bet it is. Only two people died here in ten years."

"What of?"

"Starvation. You see, one on 'em was the doctor and t'other the undertaker."

5:35.—Tommy and Agnes return to bed under compulsion.

8:00.—Breakfast. Mother finds at her place a small iron savings bank and a celluloid pin tray. Father is the happy recipient of a purple necktie with yellow dots and a silver-plated nutmeg grater.

8:30.—Family adjourn to the tree. Screams of delight.

9:30.—Tommy hits Agnes in the eye with his new pea-shooter.

10:00.—Agnes steps through Tommy's new drum and a free fight ensues.

10:10.—Tommy undergoes corporal punishment.

11:00.—Agnes seems to be suffering greatly.

11:30.—Doctor arrives.

11:35.—After examining his patient he declares her to be suffering from an overdose of pink popcorn, originally intended to decorate the tree.

2:00.—Dinner. Tommy distinguishes himself in the consumption of turkey, pumpkin pie, pudding, ice-cream and candy.

3:30.—Tommy joins Agnes in bed.

4:00.—They demand the rabbits. The rabbits arrive.

4:20.—The rabbits depart.

4:55.—Under the united efforts of father, mother and the cook the rabbits are persuaded to leave the protection of the coal bin and return. This time they are tied to the bed post.

5:30.—The sufferers partake of a light collation of milk toast.

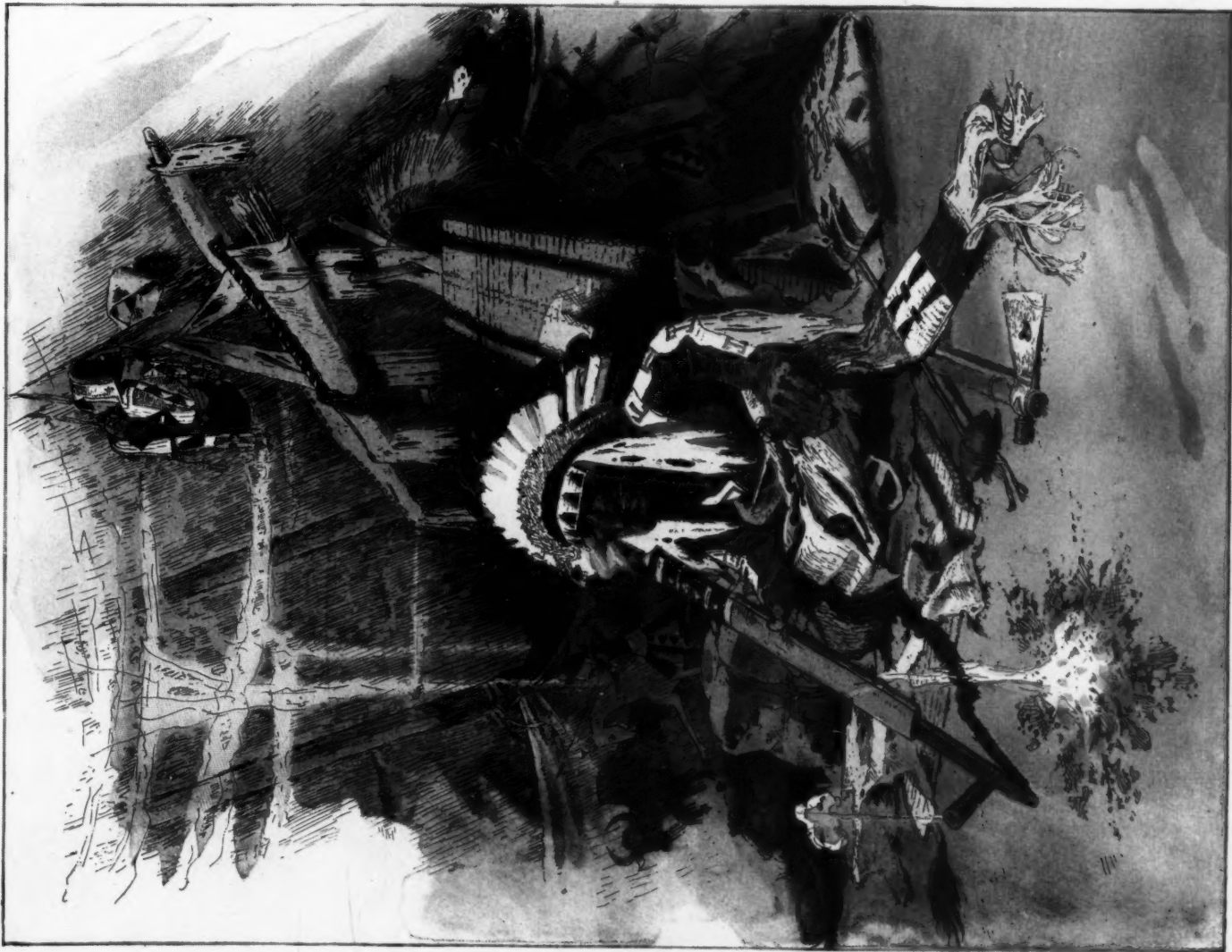
6:30.—Silence and sleep in the nursery.

6:31.—Sighs of relief from mother, father, cook, and the rabbits.

Mildred W. Wilson.

THE Venus of Milo explained again.

"It was carrying home Christmas presents," she vouchsafed.



THEN —



— AND NOW.

THE INDIAN TEPEE.

PUCK

A CHRISTMAS PROTEST.

AY, girls, when Christmas comes along,
What is it makes you choose
The gifts that are not worth a song,
And which no man can use?

It's true I like to smoke, Marie,
Yet nothing quite so shocks
As those cigars you bought for me
At eighty cents a box.

A smoking-jacket suits me well—
It's quite a handy thing;
But why select a pattern, Belle,
They wear up in Sing-Sing?

Though slippers put me at my ease,
And should be fairly large,
My foot, take notice, Florence, please,
Is hardly quite a barge.

J. J. O'Connell.

THE PERFECT ONE.

"You are perfect!"

It was nearly time for the theatre. Outside the dainty little apartment house, consisting of only ten stories and a couple of elevators, the city lights were beginning to gleam. Through the windows of great restaurants, heads of dinner parties were paying their bills. Newsboys had stopped crying the evening papers. It was indeed just that time of the early evening when the city takes a brief breathing spell.

In their delightful little dressing room—fitted up largely with wedding gifts—the young husband was rapturously gazing at his wife. Downstairs in the reception room, a bachelor friend, whom he had invited to accompany them to the theatre, was waiting nervously, his watch in his hand.

"Yes, you dear, sweet, lovely, entrancing thing!" continued

the young husband as he almost danced around his wife, in an ecstasy of admiration, as, having successfully gone through the final stages of the hooking up process, she was dabbing her hair in various recalcitrant spots, "I wouldn't have you changed one iota from just what you are!"

"Come dear, you must stop! We shall be late."

"Late! What is time—with you at my side."

He started to clasp her in his arms.

"You will disarrange my gown. Besides, you know Arthur is waiting for us. I—"

"As if it mattered. You must listen. I simply must tell you, or I shall think you are growing cold."

The young bride flushed with pleasure. At the same time she cast a hasty side glance at the Sevres clock on the mantel.

"You know I love you," she murmured. "But—"

This apparently harmless little sentence, uttered in a low voice, acted like fire on her worshipper. Almost like a mad man, he started to grab her, and was only held off by her gesture.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "Matchless! Matchless in your perfection! Venus, compared with you, was a dowdy. Your face, your lips, your lovely eyes, your entrancing disposition, your style, your—"

At this moment there was a hurried step in the hall, and the bell gave a sharp hum. It was the bell boy.

"The gentleman downstairs says you must hurry sir."

The bride led the way to the elevator.

At the foot of the stairs was Arthur, their bachelor friend, pale, feverish. He didn't understand.

But, after the hurried greetings, and the most perfect creature of the present age had been incontinently hustled into the taxicab, the young husband took an instant in the outside atmosphere to whisper.

"Awfully sorry, Arthur. 'Fraid we're fearfully late."

And the bachelor friend, still full of business-bound petulance, asked:

"What was the trouble?"

It was then that the young husband, his voice crowded with mysterious meaning, whispered:

"Great Scott, old man, when you've been married as long as I have, you'll know that it's simply impossible for any woman ever to be on time."

T. L. Masson.

HOT SELLERS.

THE Walrus remarked that the time had come to talk of shoes and ships and sealing wax and cabbages and kings.

"Label them just the thing for Christmas and they will sell like hot cakes," he advised.

Whereupon the shops hastened to follow the suggestion.

THE WHOLE TROUBLE.

WIFE.—Dear, I haven't half enough money for Christmas presents.

HUSBAND (*unfeelingly*).—What's the difference? You never get half enough presents for the money.

GENEROUS MAN!

"I ASKED George for five dollars this morning and he gave me ten."

"How did it happen?"

"I told him I wished to buy him some cigars for Christmas."



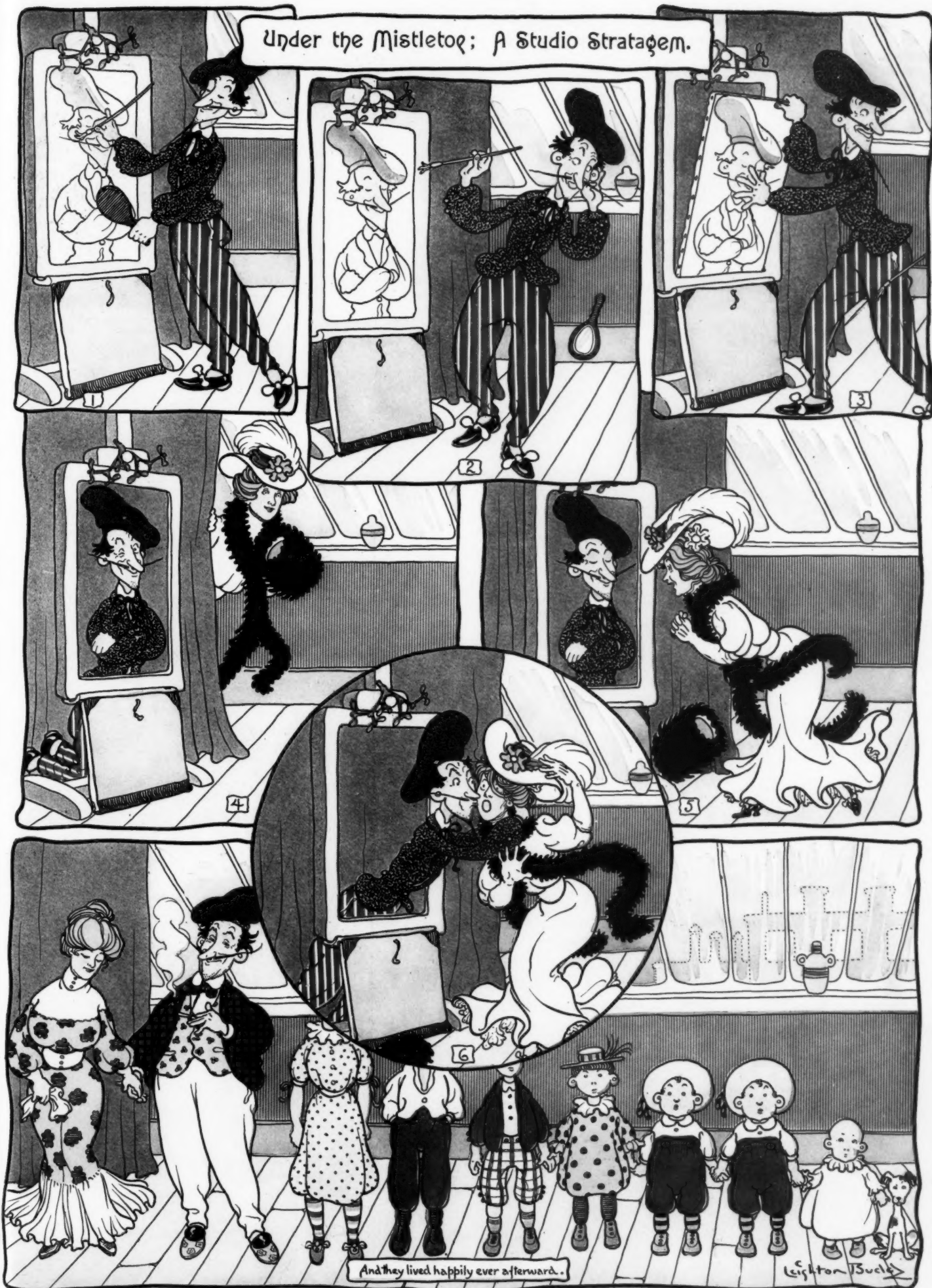
PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.



JOHNNY'S CHRISTMAS EVE MARE.

SANTA CLAUS.—What! Johnny Perkins doesn't live in these apartments any more? He's just moved away and you don't know his new address? Good gracious, then I can't get these presents to him!

Under the Mistletoe: A Studio Stratagem.



PUCK

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.



NE TIME there was a Swell Actor boy named Harold Douglas Wylliss who so loved Ladies' company that unless he had Tea at the Plaza each awfternoon at Five, he was Ill, quite the Next Day.

But really, the Peach thing about H. Douglas Wylliss was his Room on (Sssh!) 44th Street. The Walls were Adorned, Lined, Decorated and Glorified with letters of Congratulations from Friends who loved to see him Act, and Thought he was Great, and took pleasure in Putting Themselves on Record, to Those effect.

For instance: Over the shaving glawss (Harold shaved twice daily, but that was Not the only time he used the Glawss) — Over the glawss was a letter from some dear lady, which read in bold Defiant chirography that looked like Burnt Wood work:

"MY DEAR HAROLD, —

"Enunciation, Carriage, Delivery, simply perfect.

Hauteur ravish —"

Here the page turned and one got no more; there are drawbacks to this Large style of Fashionable writing.

On the broad expanse of wall near where Harold D. Wylliss strung his nekware (reformed spelling) there was another Looking Glawss. As Harold each hour selected his tie of the hour, characters which at a Distance might have been Mistaken for *Mene Mene Tekel Upharsen* loomed large in happy phrasing to the effect that Harold had done himself so proud that the Gods wept with Joy and the Profession with Envy.

There were 172 congratulatory Letters on the Walls of the Room.

Well, you can see how it was. Harold became so saturated with himself that he Acted all the Time.

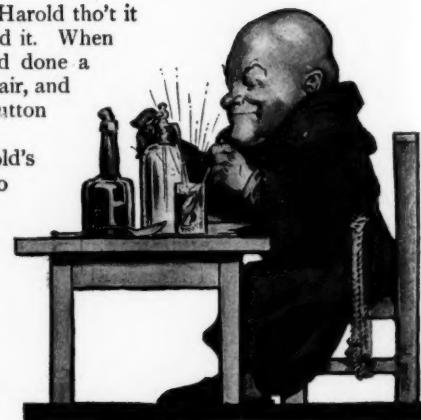
One afternoon the Landlady in a fit of Reserve asked Harold to bring up a scuttle of Coal for the Parlor Heater that stood in

the Centre of his room. Harold tho't it was Stage Business and Did it. When he Discovered that he had done a Useful thing he Tore his Hair, and cast forth a link sleeve-button from the Window.

This struck one of Harold's Friends, who chawnced to be pawssing, on the head and Fractured his skull in a brittle spot.

Harold missed Tea at the Plaza, that awfternoon at Five, and was so Ill next day that his understudy made a Hit with the audience and Harold lost his Part.

Now he Acts only one part of the Time. He is Really looking for a job on the stage or off it. These cumulative tragedies are awfully dreary.



A GOOD MIXER.

Fred Ladd.

MOST STRIKING.

TEACHER (to English history class).—Name one striking characteristic of Richard the Third. Well, Isidore?

ISIDORE KLAUWANGER (whose father is a theater manager). — It's a box-office loser!

THE INVINCIBLE BRITONS.

SMITH.—The British, I observe, rarely make mention of our revolution.

JONES.—No; but I understand they occasionally refer to it as a conflict in which some British colonists defeated a force of Hessians



ANOTHER MYTH EXPLODED.

THE EMANCIPATED WOMAN (on Christmas Eve).—Now, my dears, don't ever let any one tell you that Santa Claus is a man. He—that is *she*—is a woman and you *know* because you've *seen* her.



BAD SHOTS.

"HOLY LOVE! What a record of misses!
This gun shoots too high or too low.
The deuce take these modern inventions! —
I can't seem to make the thing go.
I used to do very much better
With my old-fashioned arrow and bow."



Everett Johnson
08

HIS MOTIVES WERE GOOD



"I CAN'T see why that moon faced duffer hangs around Claribel Merton; he hasn't a ghost of a show."

That was what Harold Harkness muttered to himself as he stood watching Severus Dipso and the fair Claribel sauntering toward the park. Harold Harkness and Severus Dipso were in love with the fair Claribel, and with the cunning of her sex she led them on and made no sign.

Harold was every inch a man. He stood an even six feet in his tennis shoes (without heels) and he was built on the Apollonian model. Severus Dipso was not over 5 feet 10 inches, and was constructed on the model of a lead pipe, suggestive of length, inflexibility and hollowness. He had

long straight hair of no particular color and wore spectacles. As for Claribel she was Claribel, as Mr. Kipling's Wali Dad would have said, and "when you have said that you have arrived only at the beginning of knowledge." Yet she seemed to enjoy—she *did* enjoy—the society of both these men, and in her secretest soul was puzzled as to which she liked best. Harold had half divined the state of her mind and he would have given something to know what it was in Dipso that interested her. Dipso was not so much puzzled about her friendship for Harold. He knew that Harkness was handsome and winning, and he was in great straits to find a way to beat him in the race for love.

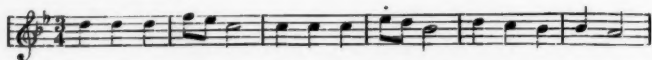
"I am not an Adonis, I know," said Severus to himself, "but I am sure there is something in me this girl likes, and I shall find out yet what it is, and then—to be vulgar—I shall work it."

They had a little dance in the Hotel Atmosphere the next evening. Severus did not dance, and therein Harold had him on the hip. But Severus, sad and lonely, sat in a corner and looked on. As Claribel, flushed and panting after a waltz, passed him leaning on Harold's arm, he gazed at her moodily and unconsciously whistled this melody:



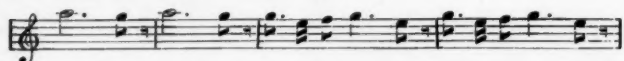
Claribel started. "Why," she reflected, "does he whistle the motive of the Bacchanalian dance from 'Tannhäuser'? Does he mean it as a reproach?" And presently she asked to be taken to her mother.

A few minutes later she was sitting beside Severus and he was smiling behind his glasses like a full moon behind a mist. Then Harold Harkness came and stood a few feet away and looked on moodily. Claribel seemed not to see him. He thrust his hands into his pockets, assumed an air of unconcern and turned away whistling:



Again Claribel started: "Why," she asked herself, "does he whistle 'La donna e mobile'? Does he mean to make insinuations at me from Italian operas?" And presently she asked again to be taken to her mother.

Neither of the rivals knew how she contrived it, but ere long she was again dancing with Harold, this time a square dance. But as she passed the solemn-visaged Severus, she heard him whistle:



"What can he mean," she thought, "by whistling the Rheingold motive?"

Does he dare to insinuate that I am to be bought?"

But both men had made a discovery. Severus saw her start and turn to listen to his whistling. Harold saw it also. Harold went out and smoked a cigar on the question, when the dance was over. Severus went to his room and played the reed organ on it.

"Sacred shade of Mozart!" exclaimed Dipso, suddenly arising; "she knows her Wagner! She suspected a meaning in my whistling! There wasn't any; there never has been any! But in the sweet hereafter R. Wagner himself won't be in it with me."

Harold Harkness said to himself: "Something about that peripatetic owl's whistling seemed to disturb her. I suppose she knew the blamed tunes and they suggested something to her. Well, I'll bet four dollars I can pick out the tunes that everyone knows a heap faster than Diogenes, or whatever his name is, can."

So the next morning Harold got out of the elevator on his way to breakfast, went and stood in front of Mrs. Merton's door and whistled:



Claribel standing before her mirror and combing her beautiful hair, heard the melody and murmured: "Who can it be that whistles 'Hail, dwelling pure and holy' outside our door? I suspect, but dare I be sure? that it is Mr. Harkness."

She smiled a sweet and gentle smile as the melody died away in the rumble of the descending elevator, and went on like a sensible girl, combing her hair. A few minutes later she heard some one whistle this melody outside her door:



"Ah," she exclaimed, "I know now. This is Dipso. The other was Harkness. Dipso alone would whistle Walter's song in praise of Eva. And now, too, I am sure that they both mean something by their whistling. I must be very cautious."

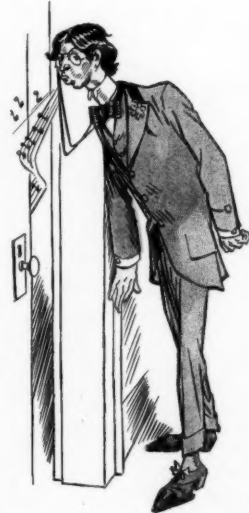
The days passed on and still the whistlers maintained their contest. Harold, however, did not confine his struggle to mere whistling. He talked, and he talked well; but somehow it seemed impossible to find a place where Dipso's whistling could not be heard, and that long-haired youth had a knack of sounding motives which seemed to mean a great deal to the lovely Claribel, though they were meaningless to Harold.

"I'd give a cool fifty," he meditated, "to know where that walking parsnip gets his tunes. They are the most diagonal, wobbly and inconsequential tunes I ever heard; but they seem to get there every time with Claribel."

Poor Dipso! He was in a state of mind similar to that of Harold.

"I do not know what to make of her," he said to himself. "She seems to be completely upset every time that—that—Harkness man whistles one of those Italian arias. She knows every one of them, and she attributes a meaning to them; which, of course, they do not possess."

The climax came at last. This thing could not go on forever, and so, of course, one day it was stopped.



PUCK

Claribel was sketching on the south side of the great lake near the spot where the empty frame house sits and waits all winter for a day's skating, to give it a reason for existence. She was painting the lake with a background of woods, the woods being reflected in the water together with the water. It was a lovely picture and could be hung with either the top or the bottom up. Suddenly she heard a whistle, and then a footstep. The whistle went thus:



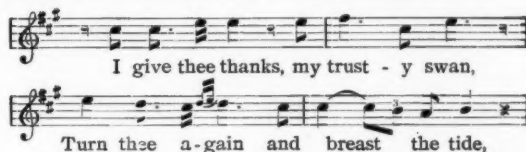
She knew the melody. It was the beginning of a duet in "La Sonnambula," Elvino singing:

'Take now this ring, 'tis thine, love;
'T will make thee at the altar mine, love."

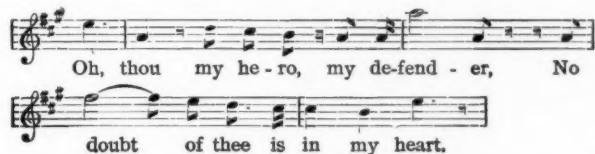
"It is Harold," she said; "and he is coming to propose. What shall I say?"

Down the path Harold advanced slowly and surely. But what is this?

Out from behind the cover of the bushes swam a stately white swan. Behind the bird drifted a boat. In the boat sat Dipso, hatless, his long locks waving in the breeze. As he drifted he threw crumbs of bread to the swan and sang—not whistled—but sang in a soft, clear tenor voice:



Claribel hesitated no longer. Her Lohengrin was there in the flesh before her eyes. She sprang up, overturning her easel, stretched out her arms and sang in answer:

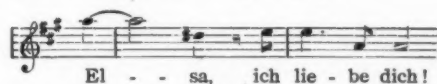


The pure Wagnerian melody rang passionately forth, paling the ineffectual fires of tawdry Italian arias.



"In the boat sat Dipso, hatless."

And hearing this, Dipso ecstatically jumped out of the boat and started for the shore, though the water was knee deep, singing:



Then the fair Claribel advanced spasmodically, and meeting Lohengrin Dipso as he came dripping from the water fell upon his neck and wept for joy. "My darling," he said, "I have loved you always." "Your motives were always good, my hero." "The best ever. Wagner motives." Then Harold Harkness uttered a sound that was not melodious, and as he strode away he said:

"Damn it! Why didn't I know she was a Wagnerite?"

W. J. Henderson.



THE MAN OF IT.

"YOU SEE, she had sprained her ankle; so there was nothing for me to do but to stop in at the store and get her the yard and a half of ribbon that she needed to finish her new dress."

"Didn't know what you were up against, eh?"

"Well, I guess I didn't. Thought you just went in; floor-walker came up and asked what you wanted; told him; led you over to the counter; you said how many yards; she measured them up; you gave her a dollar; she gave you the bundle, reached up, took some coin out of a tin cup hanging on a wire, put it in your hand and said: 'Thirteen, two fifteen, ten twenty-five, twenty-five fifty, fifty one dollar,' and you tipped your hat and walked out."

"But it was a little different, wasn't it?"

"Well, I guess it was. Would you believe it, man, I was in that store for an hour and a quarter? I went in the front door, and what did I run up against but a lot of women doing the mob scene from 'Ben Hur.' Couldn't see a single man in the whole dump. For about five minutes I couldn't think what in thunder I was after. Looked around at the lace draping down from rods over the counter; saw the spool-cases, all the bales of cloth on the shelves, handkerchiefs fastened around everywhere, tables full of colored cloth,

headless busts advertising some kind of corset. I looked down one aisle and up the other, and all I could see in the whole darned place was women and women and piles of junk and rubbish. I didn't know what else to do, so I took the elevator.

"There was an awful crowd of women, and the cage went up with a jerk. 'Second floor: carpets, curtains, house furnishings,' sang out the elevator boy. He ran the thing up past the floor and brought it back on a bounce. I thought I had better get out. Women tried to push in before the others could get out."

"Up in the wrong berth, was you?"

"Nothing on the whole floor but sample carpets spread out on the floor and setting up in rolls; and there were a lot of curtains and stuff hanging down from the walls, so I knew there was no ribbon up there. I walked down-stairs."

"Down on the first floor I ran into the fighting-lines again. I thought, maybe, ribbon was in the bargain basement, so I went down the stairs. What did I find but a combination cheap-skate grocery and hardware store. There wasn't a bit of ribbon in the whole basement."

"Then you didn't get the ribbon?"

"Oh, yes, I did. Just as I was going out upstairs, I happened to see the ribbon counter by the door."

Donald A. Kahn.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

JONES had two uncles, rich and old,
Whose heir he hoped to be some day.
One was a deacon stern and cold,
The other was a clubman gay,
So Christmas gifts he planned
for each
Designed the very spot to reach.

A card deck, leather-cased, he
thought
As neat a thing as could be
found.
For one a book of texts he bought
In full-morocco richly bound.
But when they both were wrapped
and fixed
Alack, alas! he got them mixed.

When Jones discovered what he did
He fairly shivered with the shock.
In unfrequented ways he hid,
And chill beads stood upon his brow
He trembled at the postman's knock,
Till Fortune saved him—this is how:

"Dear Nephew," ran the deacon's line,
"Your very handsome present came.
How thoughtful of you to divine
I dearly love a little game.
P.S.—Be sure that in my will
For this kind deed a place you'll fill."

"Dear Nephew," read the clubman's thanks,
"You sent me that for which I yearned;
From cards and such I've broken ranks—
Another new leaf I have turned.
P.S.—To-day my will I drew
And for your act remembered you."

McLandburgh Wilson.



AT THE HOLIDAY HOUSE PARTY.

HIS NIECE.—It was awfully thoughtful of you, Uncle, to provide this Loop-the-Boggan. An ordinary Toboggan slide is so dreadfully slow, you know.

PERISHABLE GOODS.

MADGE.—Why do you delay buying the books you are going to give as presents until the day before Christmas?
MARJORIE.—Last year I bought a lot of the best-selling novels a little while beforehand, and when it came time to send them out nearly all of them had been forgotten.

THE WORST VARIETY.

TED.—I hate a kicker, don't you?
NED.—Yes, especially the one who sits behind you in the theatre and kicks your chair all the evening.



WINTER ETCHING.

A MAN may have the nerve that's made of steel
And laugh at danger in its wildest forms
And yet it will not on a winter's day
Prevent weird chills from running down his spine
And up again till his anatomy
Is simply clammy, and that dread suspense
Is his which seizes one that walks the street
And knows not at what moment the small boy
Behind the tree the snowball will project
That's hard as nails, and in a jiffy bang
His hat akimbo which is now on straight
Or flatten out behind his ear and cause
His head to ring and tintinnabulate
The while he vaguely wonders as he whirls
And spins and whizzes in a vortex wild
Just where he is, and wonders still in vain.

R. K. Munkittrick.

HOLLY BERRIES.

DON'T give your wife a golf outfit unless you can afford to send her South for the winter.

When you have her alone, kissing under the mistletoe is as nice as if it were under the rose.

At Christmas we spend money we do want in buying our friends presents they don't want.

When poverty comes in the door Santa Claus doesn't drop down the chimney.

A husband's idea of a useful Christmas present for his wife is something he can use himself.

Santa Claus is the only good thing in this world whose money never gives out.

If the girls received the presents they really wanted they would be deprived of the pleasure they derive from exchanging them.

J. J. O'Connell.



IN GERMANY.

THE REVENGE OF JOHN GILE DELANCY.

THE last sheet fluttered from the typewriter. I slipped the cover tenderly over the faithful machine, rolled a cigarette, and lounged deep in an easy-chair. On the back of an old envelope I figured my probable royalties. The book could not help but be a "seller," as I had written it with an eye to please the "late-book-reader," so it could be attractively illustrated in colors by Howard Harrison and Christie Fisher, and the plot was designed with an eye to the stage. Of course, the first four of five editions would have to go to editors for reviews and to personal friends, to say nothing of a million dollars or so to secure special reading "space" in the magazines, but I could not fail to make at least two million.

As I figured, the mission clock in the hall boomed the hour of twelve. This was unusual, as the sole mission of this style of openwork clock seems to be to gather dust as an excuse for stopping. With the dying of the bell I distinctly heard a rustle among the papers upon my desk, and a faint smoke issued from the type-written sheets. My heart flopped like a hooked fish in my throat. The thought that my masterpiece was going up in smoke overwhelmed me. With superhuman effort I summoned all my remaining nerve force and was about to rush to the desk to save the story when I was halted by a new horror. The vapor was taking human shape!

With blanched face and protruding eyes I watched the form grow from whirling smoke into the form of a six-foot man; clearer grew the phantom; detail after detail became visible until the colorings of the garments showed and the stalwart Hero of my Romance stood before me—the figure and face the perfection of masculine beauty. His dress of velvet and lace, once the product of studied extravagance, was tattered and stained with blood. The doublet was rent and faded; the breeches were worn and muddy; the peruke was bedraggled and awry, and the man was in his stocking feet, with toes protruding from the worn silken hose.

For an instant he stood on the littered desk; then the black eyes glowing in the firelight found me—found my very soul, and with a muttered curse he leaped lightly to the floor, his features swollen with rage, and his handsome face contorted with scorn and wrath.

"Thou spawn! thou foam!" he cursed. "Thou filthy gutter clerk! Egad, I have thee where I want thee enow, and, by the Devil's tail, I'll spit thee like a lark! Have at thee!" He wrenched his blade from its scabbard, the steel still dripping with the blood of the villain killed in the last chapter only a few minutes before. I had barely time to put the heavy table between us before he was upon me. Snatching a slender Toledo blade from the decorated walls of my study I determined, ghoul or devil, he would not "spit" me without a struggle.

With eyes riveted upon the rasping steel we lurched from end to end of the room, crashing over the furniture, cursing and thrusting. Unfortunately, I had created him the best swordsman in England, and he had the best of me in thrusting, wounding me slightly in the hand by a thrust low in tierce; but he was no match against me with his pre-historic curses, as I received my degree in a newspaper office. The sweat poured down our faces. Although I am a poor swordsman at best, having only read *The Art of Fencing* in the *Farm and Home* once in my younger days, it must be remembered that I could recall from memory his exact mode of fighting, and was able to keep his point well away from the 40-carat diamond in my shirt-front.

"Gadzooks!" he panted, "but ye fight e'en well for a dog of a clerk. Blood of Peter! Sirrah, but ye'll cut no more quills; I'll get thee yet!"

"Tut, tut, my fine fellow," I hissed, "the game is young yet." And I slashed the front of his plum-colored doublet.

Instantly he changed sword-hands; but I remembered this trick in time and changed also. I sorely regretted having made him such a big stalwart brute, as I am not above the medium height; but, perhaps my very thinness saved my life. Tired and dripping we stopped for breath, the overtopped table between us.

"Now, Sir John Gile DeLancy," I puffed, "that I have convinced you of your inability to impale me on that ancient copy-hook of yours, perhaps you will tell me why in the name of Confucius you beset me so sorely without any apparant cause."

"Cause?" he snorted, his breath rasping in his throat.

"Cause? Horns

of Satan! I have cause to kill thee

three-score times. "Cause? Did you not pull my boots off two weeks ago in the tavern of the sign of

the Fried Egg and leave me in this weather in my stockinged feet? My plumed hat, which cost me six golden louis, ye knocked off my head in Kentmore Wood a fortnight ago and left me bareheaded since. Cause? Cast your damned eyes on that peruke, which ill becomes a first gentleman of the realm. Why and wherefore? Know ye, Rat, that ye have made me wear the same suit of clothes for a twelvemonth, and hast dipped me into



JUST A LITTLE EARLY.

CITIZEN.—Got *Anybooby's* for May yet?

MAGAZINE MERCHANT.—Naw, not yet. Out next week.



OUT TO COOL.

OLD CLUMBER (somewhat mellow).—Well, well, 's I live! Mother's been puttin' up some currant jelly.

If at first you don't succeed, don't fritter away your time explaining why.

PUCK

every moat and puddle in the kingdom. Gad! I've had not a crumb to eat in four days. Ye've made me go into places from whence I never came out, and to come out of places I never went into. Twice you broke my goodly sword and failed to replace it, and I've had to steal a blade to kill you. Zounds! sirrah! a pretty business! My fine cloak I've not seen since last May-day. Ye've played the fool with me. By my halidom, I have small stomach for mercy. Ye shaved off my precious mustaches twice one week. By my beard that wastoo much, and I've taken oath to spill thy blood. Once ye made the sun set at noon, and three dark nights with the moon a full."

"A truce, my friend," I answered; "'tis not too late to mend, as the pages are with me now, and I promise to remedy the wrongs you have enumerated, at your direction, in the morning. In the meantime, let me entertain with meat and wine, as befits a host."

"Sdeath! I've heard enough of thy tattle," he bellowed. "There is nothing but black death and a damned future for one of us within the hour. After I had won the heroine's heart through a sea of difficulties and blood, and in these ragged, incomplete and embarrassing garments, bareheaded and stocking-footed, hungry and wounded in forty different places, soaked with water and half frozen, ye let the wench die with the plague. On guard; for the Devil shall have company in a minute. On guard! On guard, I say!"

The circling blades flashed in the light; the grating steel drowned our strained breathing. I felt my wrist, weakened by long hours at writing, give away; for a moment I saw the great muscles leaping beneath the slashed sleeves of his doublet, and then I seemed

to fall forward upon his blade. Something cold struck me a violent blow in the chest and all was blank——

I awoke sneezing violently from the draught of an open window and a pain that threatened pneumonia in my chest. The furniture was all in place. The back of my left hand smarted from a new burn where my cigarette had struck as it dropped from my lips.

Wiping the cold sweat from my brow, I tossed the manuscript on the glowing coals and fled the room.

D. C. Shafer.

HOPELESS.

A GREEK matron, being thoroughly tired of her husband, consulted the oracle at Delphi.

"Give him rope enough and he'll hang himself!" was the oracle's advice.

The matron's eyes filled with tears.

"I've tried that!" she exclaimed. "I have given him a large box every Christmas, and while he has talked of hanging himself, he has never done so."

But the oracle had a way of sidestepping the really hard problems, and offered no further suggestions.

IDEALS.

THE function of ideals is to keep a man from defeating the purpose of his creation by getting on too good terms with himself. They prompt him to be forever trying to do what he

can't, and when he doesn't, they make him out a cheap fellow.

Nobody can live up to his ideals the way prices are now,—he would have to do without so many things that it wouldn't be living.

Ideals help to distinguish us from the beasts, and that, perhaps, is why they are such beastly uncomfortable things to have around.



BURBANKED.

HOLLY AND MISTLETOE SHOULD THE WIZARD OF CALIFORNIA TAKE A BUSINESS INTEREST IN THEM.

Old maids are of both sexes and all ages and, worst of all, they're not invariably unmarried.



DUST.

PUCK



HIS PORTRAIT.

THE REMARKABLE ADVENTURES ABROAD OF MR. JINGLEDOW, THE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE; AND WHY HE CAME HOME TO HAVE HIS PICTURE TAKEN.



THE GAME OF HEARTS.

WHEN IN DOUBT, LEAD DIAMONDS.

THE MATHEMATICIANS.

(Mr. and Mrs. Morris are sitting over their afternoon coffee.)



MR. MORRIS (*reprovingly*).—Really, my dear, I don't see how you manage to ball up your bank account so completely.

MRS. MORRIS (*stiffly*).—Of course, *you* don't. You do nothing but mull over figures all day. No wonder it seems easy to you!

MR. M.—But to mix your personal and household accounts in such a heedless—

MRS. M.—Well, do stop nagging about it. (*A bell rings.*) Here come the Lackawannas. (*Mr. and Mrs. Lackawanna are ushered in. All exchange cordial greetings; a bridge table is fetched and they settle to the game.*)

MRS. M.—I'm so glad you came. Mr. Morris was taking my head off because my books wouldn't balance.

MR. M. (*mildly*).—I only suggested that you keep your head on when you draw checks—

MRS. L. (*as hand is played*).—My dear, my books *never* do. I simply cannot keep, write or remember figures correctly.

MR. L. (*keeping score*).—What is four diamond honors in one hand and one in partner's?

MRS. L. (*instantly*).—Fifty-four. To save my soul, I couldn't tell you what I paid for steak yesterday.

MRS. M.—Men are so unreasonable. Because Tom can add up three columns at once he thinks everybody ought to be able to.

MR. M. (*after the trick, humbly*).—I'm afraid I lost a trick in the hearts.

MRS. M. (*promptly*).—You lost three. I had one heart, Agnes had three and Mr. Lackawanna had two. After my singleton I should think you might have kept the count.

MRS. L.—The cards ran so curiously at the club yesterday afternoon. In five successive no-trump hands I held eight spades, then six, four, seven and nine.

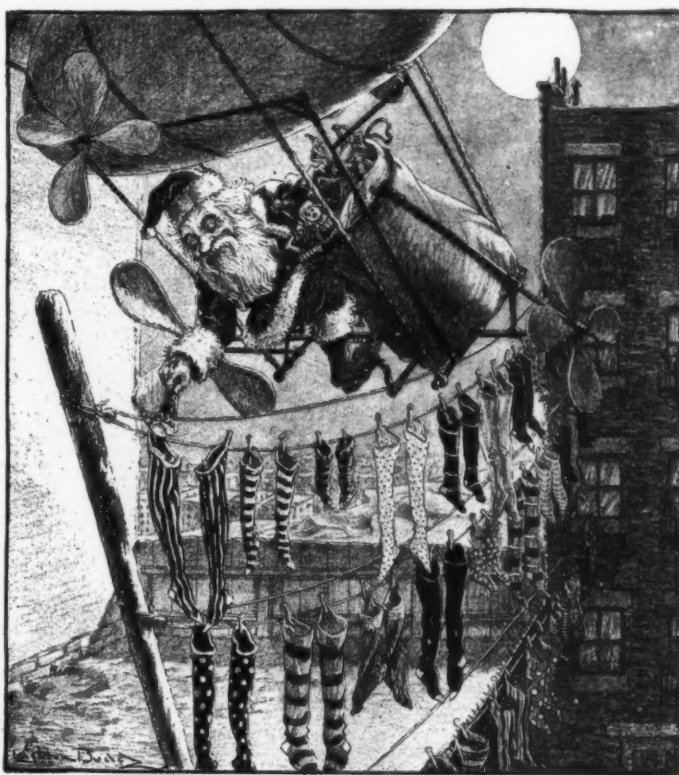
MRS. M.—When we played last week we had enormous scores. I won first prize with 1,497 points. Beatrice had 1,362; Mrs. Erie had 1,137; and Carrie had 904. We only played five rubbers.

MR. L. (*during the next pause*).—Tom, did you notice that Big Steel made a point and a half in the last hour to-day?

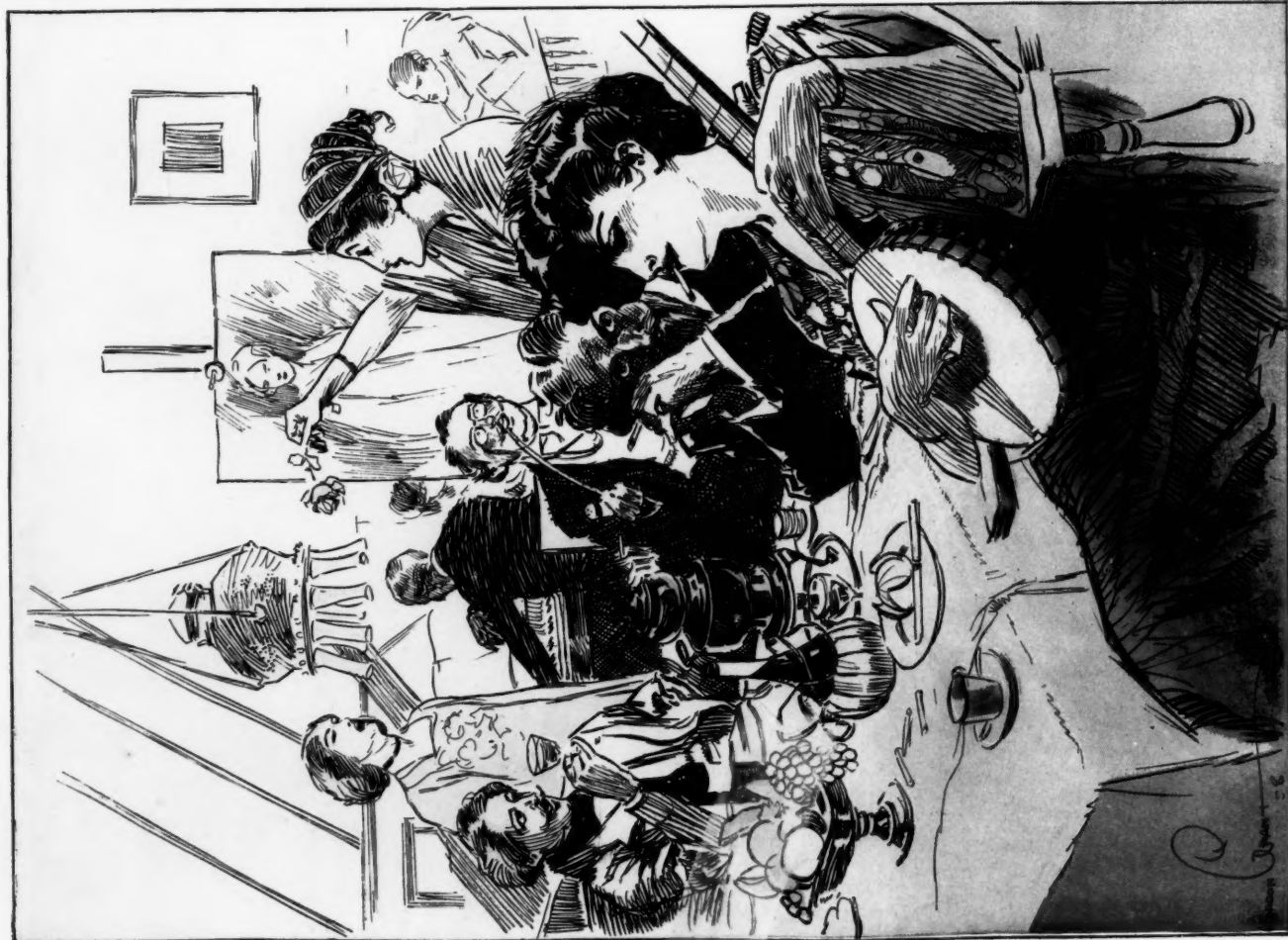
MR. M.—Yes; that just about offsets last week's loss, doesn't it?

MRS. M. (*triumphantly*).—There they go! Talking business at the first chance. You see, they never think about anything else, and that's why they wonder at our not carrying around heads filled with figures to the exclusion of every other interest!

Layton Brewer.



IF CHRISTMAS FELL ON MONDAY!



AS THE SENTIMENTALIST IMAGINES IT.



"BOHEMIA."

AS IT REALLY IS.

ON THE EQUATORIAL BOWLING ALLEYS.



THE OBLIGING ARMADILLO POLITELY VOLUNTEERS—



TO ACT IN THE CAPACITY OF A BOWLING BALL.—



AND THEN TO DO THE WORK OF A PIN-BOY.



"HIT 'EM A LITTLE FULLER THIS TIME, OLD MAN."

THE SERVANT GIRL PROBLEM—EXPLAINED.



We couldn't keep Josie,
Or Bertha, or Rosie;
We didn't suit Mabel or Nell.
The problem that vexed us
So madly perplexed us
We sought an apartment hotel.

The problem was ended
The night we attended
The season's success on Broadway:
One look at the chorus
Of ladies before us
Explained where the trouble all lay.

For kitchen-bred Josie
And Nellie and Rosie
Do stunts in a pony ballet,
While Bertha and Mabel
Who waited on table
Are rival skirt-dancers to-day.

SEASONABLE BROMIDES.

DEAR ME! it's a lucky thing Christmas comes only once a year.
I don't know what we'd do if it came oftener.

It isn't so much the *value* of a present as
the spirit in which it is given.

I hang my stocking up just to please
the children—I dread telling them
there's no Santa Claus. Let
someone else do that.

It never seems like Christ-
mas to me unless it snows.

I always try to give
sensible gifts—some-
thing useful, that will be
a reminder all the year.

Money is always such
an acceptable present.
There isn't one of us
who has so much that he
can't take a little more.

I love a good home
dinner on Christmas day,
with all the relatives
around. It's so nice for
the children too.

Don't you pity the poor at
this time of the year? I do.

Christmas and New Year's
come so close together. It's too
bad they couldn't be separated

a little—two holidays coming right on top of each other that way
make it so hard; but then the children enjoy it.

I never know what to give Father. It's so hard to think of
anything for a man. And my rich friends—they have everything
already.

Charles Hanson Towne.

A MATTER OF DOUBT.

"ISN'T he a darling, Lucy?" said Mrs. Youngmother, who was
showing her first-born to a former college chum. "Do you
think that he looks like me? I don't, but mamma thinks his eyes
are a good deal like mine, and you can see that his mouth is pre-
cisely like his father's, and he has the real Burton nose, and he re-
minds me a good deal of his Uncle Jack, my brother, you know, in
the shape of his ears, and his general expression always makes me
think of his Grandpa Burton, while his Grandmother Younglove
says that he looks precisely as his father looked at his age. His
chin is just like his Grandfather Burton's, and when he laughs he
reminds me of my sister Lou, and mamma says that when he cries
he puckers up his mouth exactly the way I did at his age, but I
think that the older he grows the more he looks like my brother
Ned, then again I think he doesn't look like any one but himself.
Of course it is always a matter of doubt who or what a baby six
weeks old *will* look like."

SOLUTION.

MISTRESS.—When I engaged you, Lucinda, you said you had no
male friends. Now, almost every time I come into the kitchen
I find a man there.

LUCINDA.—Lor' sakes, he am no male fren' ob mine.

MISTRESS.—Then who is he?

LUCINDA.—Ma husband!

FEMININE LOGIC.

HE (in the restaurant).—Have some lobster?

SHE.—I don't like it—I never eat it.

"But if you have never eaten it you don't know whether you
like it, or not. Have some!"

"But I don't like it. If I liked it I'd eat it—and I hate it."

IT IS!

IS CHRISTMAS coming? Ask the clerk, the chambermaid or waiter,
The janitor or colored boy who runs the elevator.

Is Christmas coming? Ask the kid who brings the rolls and butter,
The butcher's boy, and likewise him who navigates the gutter.

Is Christmas coming? Ask them all—Pa, Ma, and sons and daughters—
Then count them on your finger tips and try to save your quarters.

Lurana W. Sheldon.

MR. JOKETON.—My dear, I can always take a joke, I hope.

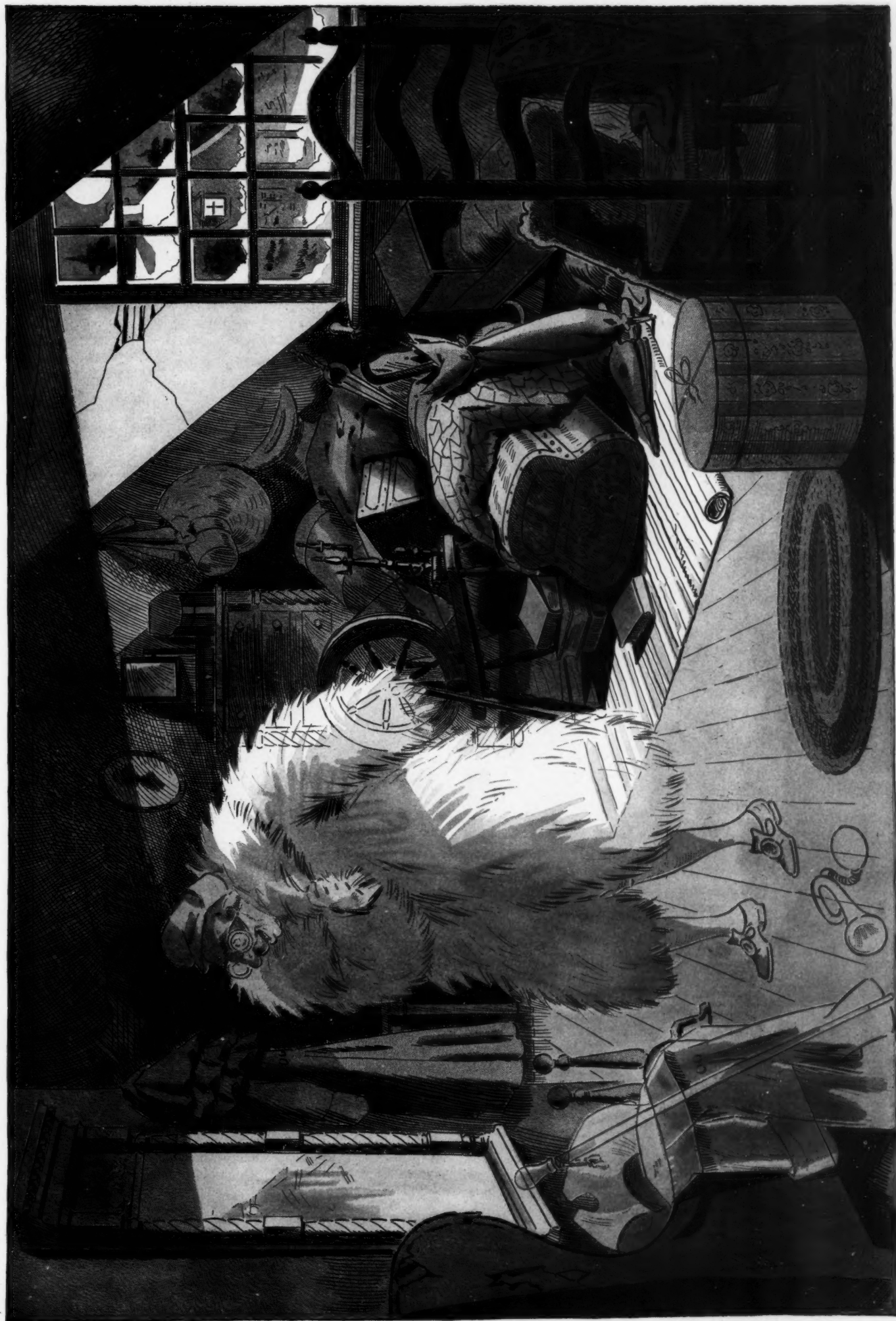
MRS. JOKETON.—But you can't get rid of them.



PUT HIS HEAD IN IT.

MR. MONK.—What happened?

MR. RHINO.—Why, just as George Giraffe tried to kiss Helen
Hippo she opened her mouth.



FOR FUTURE HAUNTINGS.

VETERAN PHANTOM (as he makes a change of raiment). — Now that my great-great-grandson is remodeling the old family mansion, it's up to the old family ghost to do a little remodeling, too.



THE GOOSE GIRL.

It was a little goose girl
Went forth at break of day,
And with her knitting needles
Sedately took her way.

The geese, they followed closely
O'er field, down dale, up hill,
Across the little streamlet
And by the old grist mill.

The miller left his grinding
"Oh, little maid!" he cried,
"Why do your geese cluster
So closely at your side?"

"Because, O Dusty Miller,
They feel a coming storm
And I am knitting leggings
To keep their gobse-flesh warm."

He went back to his grinding,
He gave the sails a touch,
And as they sailed he muttered,
"Well, don't that beat the Dutch!"

J. Campbell.

RIDICULOUS.

THE waiter brought cigarettes, but she quietly declined them. "I don't smoke, thank you," she said, in some embarrassment; and then, as the other women at the table regarded her in undisguised wonder, she hastily added: "My physician doesn't permit me."

Now this last, to be quite candid, was something of a falsehood. What really kept her from smoking was a singular notion of hers that feminine delicacy is a choice gift of the gods, designed to make the world more beautiful for all mankind; that it is committed to women in trust, to have and to hold, but not to destroy; that even though sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander, men and women belong to a higher order than poul-

try, wherein distinctions of sex have more than a merely animal significance. Such was her notion, but being very sensitive to ridicule, and knowing in her heart she deserved nothing less, she naturally hesitated to avow it.

Ramsey Benson.

WINGS.

OH, the airy wings of riches,
And the airy wings of love,
Either wing of one big turkey
Makes a lot of monkeys of.

TOO MANY irons in the fire is the conservative way of saying too many feet in the grave.

Rivalry of purse pride has lifted many a church mortgage.

PUCK

THE ACTIVITY OF GOSSIP.

"OW, loogy yuh, Brudder Wollam!" severely began good old Parson Bagster. "I wants to ax yo', sah, what am dar to de story dat's flyin' 'round dat yo' done pushed de wife o' yo' buzzom into an open well endurin' of a fight yo' and dat extinguished lady was uh-'dulin' in day befo' yiste'd'y, and den kicked her in de back o' de head whilst she was 'deavorin' to scrabble out? Dess tell me 'bout dat, sah, and tell me plain!"

"Uh-well, sah, now dat dess shows!" exclaimed the alleged culprit. "Dat shows de activity and circumference of gossip when it puts chase to a pusson! Fust and fo'most, sah, we wasn't fightin'—me and muh b'loved wife wasn't—our domestical relations was dess a trifle compercated and clouded at de time, and dat's all. We was havin' a little 'scussion, like 'thusiasts will, 'bout a p'int in de Scripters—Nebbykerneazer eatin' grass, 'twuz; me uh-stickin' up for

de po' old 'Postle, and de lady sayin' dat it done served him good and right, and dat all men-folks, bein' donkeys, ort to hatter eat grass all day long.

"When I seed dat I was gittin' all hett up in de argymunt and li'ble to do vi'lence, I dess lit out away fum dar to count one hund'ed and cool down, wid muh wife snawtin' along atter me wid a churn-dasher in her avengin' hand, and, as dat lady weighs mighty nigh as much as a load o' hay and is as phosphorus as a cattymount when she gits to goin', I went right straight across de face

o' de yeath as de crow flies.

And I wants to spuriate right yuh, sah, dat I didn't push her into de well—

Lawd o' goodness, I didn't have time! De well was dar, all right enough, and 'twuz open, but all I done in de livin' world was to jump acrost it and go on muh way, or, to make a shawt story long, I flew; and when de lady come uh-pompousin' and uh-yellin' along, she couldn't jump dat wide and fell in. She fell in, 'cawdin' to de dictates of her own conscience, and dat's all.

"And I never kicked her in de back o' de head, needer! I dess marched right up like a hero and slapped her mouf—slapped it uh-whilst I could. Man in muh p'sition don't have dat blessed priv'lege mo' dan once or twice in a lifetime, and I slapped it good and wahn; yassah, slapped it twell she owned up dat while 'twuz right for Nebbykerneazer to eat grass, uh-kaze de Lawd told him to, it would-uh been nice if de po' man could uh-had a little bacon to go wid his greens now and ag'in. Dat's all dar was to de eppersode, Pahson, every bit and grain—but it do show how de gossips and busy-bugs will grab up a mouffle o' foolishness and go runnin' around makin' a crime out'n it!"

Tom P. Morgan.



CHRISTMAS EVE.



IF THE OLD MASTERS WERE ALIVE TO-DAY.
THEY WOULD PROBABLY HAVE TO DO THIS FOR A LIVING.

ORIENTAL JUDICATURE.

UPON the wise cadi deigning to call the next case, the suppliant therein was suffered to come forward and prostrate himself.

"Most noble sir," exclaimed this person, knocking his forehead deferentially on the pavement, "I pray you give ear. I purchased me an automobile from Mustapha Petrol, on his distinct promise that nothing would overtake me on the road. But behold, the very first time I ride out in the thing, what happens? I am overtaken by darkness, and this I can prove by many witnesses. Wherefore I pray you that the miscreant be adjudged deserving of forty blows of the bastinado." The cadi reflected.

"In what direction were you going?" he asked, at length.

"Toward the East, noble sir," replied the suppliant.

"Then," declared the cadi with much decision, "you were not overtaken by darkness at all. You met it going the other way. Accordingly you are yourself adjudged deserving of the forty blows, in that you have brought in a false action."

And though the man bellowed loudly, and called upon Allah to save him, the punishment was straightway inflicted.

Too many men have the idea that sticking out their chests makes them important.

PUCK

WANTED—A CHANGE OF DATE.



WISH that Christmas Day would come some other time of year —
In summer, when th' fishin' an' th' swimmin' days are here!
If Christmas came in August then old Santa Claus might bring
A bathin' suit er fishin' rod, er trap er patent swing.
Th' things a feller uses in th' woods an' swimmin' pool
I'd have 'em new an' shiny when they let me out of school;
But jest because it always comes aroun' th' same old day
I git th' same old presents in th' same old Christmas way!

I never git a bat an' ball. If Christmas only came
In June I'd have enough t' keep th' fellers in th' game!
Then, I might git a pony, if Kris Kringle came in May,
When I could feed him grass instead of daddy's bales of hay!
If Christmas came in April Santa Claus'd never tote
Aroun' fer every little boy a fuzzy overcoat,
A cap an' boots an' gloves—he'd bring him something he could use
When he leaves his coat at home an' paddles 'round without his shoes!

I'm waitin' fer th' summer an' I'm lonely fer th' spring;
But Santa Claus is comin', an' he'll never leave a thing
To suit me in vacation, when they let me out of school—
A dog t' ketch a grinnie, er a bobbin fer th' pool,
A pony an' a cart t' gather cider, wood an' grain,
An' haul th' girls t' picnics in th' grove at Shady Lane.
Oh, I wish that Santa Claus would throw his furs an' sled away,
An' come aroun' next Christmas on a load of summer hay!

Aloysius Coll.

A CURIOUS COLONEL.

"WELL, sah, dat Cuhnel Slash am de cu'i'sest white gen'leman yo' ever seed! Quaintest man!—won't b'lieve nuthin' yo' spect him to, but dess goes ahead and b'lieves de oddest things! Comes mighty nigh bein' one o' dese yuh prognostics, dat won't b'lieve nuthin' dat dey kain't see," a bit disgruntledly remarked saddle-hued Brother Windiddy.

THE PASSING OF THE PICTURESQUE.



I.
The old-time artist coming in to sell a picture.

tin' 'em back on de roost. Yo' knows how stoopid a hen am in de dark—fall off'm de roost and isn't got reason enough to climb back on, and de weasels gits 'em if some kind pusson don't come along and lift 'em back. I was dar, 'dustriously puttin' dem foolish fowls back whuh dey b'longed, when yuh comes de Cuhnel and hollered out who was in dar.

"'Isn't nobody yuh, sah, but dess us chickens,' I answer-

"Lemme 'spress it: Tudder night, I was dar in de gen'leman's hen-house, and—on an urrant of mussy, sah! Dat's what 'twuz! pickin' up de sleepy hens and put-



II.
The present-day artist coming in with like intent.

ed back. And did he b'lieve it? Nussah!—de man's prognostic on some p'int. He dess slipped open de back winder 'o de hen-house and drapped in a bull-dog—dat 'ar wide-moufed, surgical varmint dat done bit yo' one time, Brud-der Stookey. Take a dog's word befo' he would mine!—dat's de kind of a man he is! B'lieve a dog, 'preference to a pusson! B'lieve a dog!

"But his un-b'lief done re-acted on him, like it do on de scoffer every

time. When he drapped de dog in th'oo de back winder he run around to de do' in front, b'lievin' he could kotch me dar as I come out—yassah, he b'lieved he could kotch me! Hoh!—I didn't stop to lift no latch nor open no do'! I dess busted right th'oo, takin' dat old do' off'm de hinges and flappin' it down onto de Cuhnel, standin' dar and b'lievin' he could kotch me, smackin' him flat as a flitter, and defuncted out o' dat region like de crow flies, wid dat big-moufed bull-dog uh-grabbin' at muh posterity.

"Well, sah, I was gone—all 'ceptin' dar was a towel hangin' on de line; one o' dese yuh long towels wid a hole in de end; and when I induced muh head th'oo dat hole I dess went right on uh-runnin', and I was gwine so fast dat I dess run up in de air and swung back, like one o' dem dar ackerbatics in de circus, and went uh-swingin' back and fo'th, dar, hung by de neck, wid dat no-'count dog uh-fixed to muh raiment. Muh feet kept uh-paddlin', and every time I hit de ground I dess run right up in de air ag'in, and when muh feet wasn't hittin' de ground dey was uh-kickin' de dog on de head, and sich-uh everlastin' gwine-on yo' never did see!

"Well, so 'twuz, twell de hole ripped out o' de towel and I drapped on de dog and shucked him loose, and den I was sho'-nuff gone! By de time de Cuhnel had scrabbled out fum under de hen-house do', de best he could do was to fall over de dog.

"Cu'i's pusson, dat white gen'leman is; he still b'lieves a cullud man was tryin' to steal his chickens!"

Tom P. Morgan.

STARTING IN.

CRAWFORD.—Have the Newriches a family-tree?
CRAESHAW.—Why, man, this is the first year they've had a Christmas tree.

CAUSE ENOUGH.

COWWIGGER.—Is it known why he committed suicide?

MERRITT.—A church committee appointed him to represent Santa Claus at its Christmas entertainment.

MYSTERY.

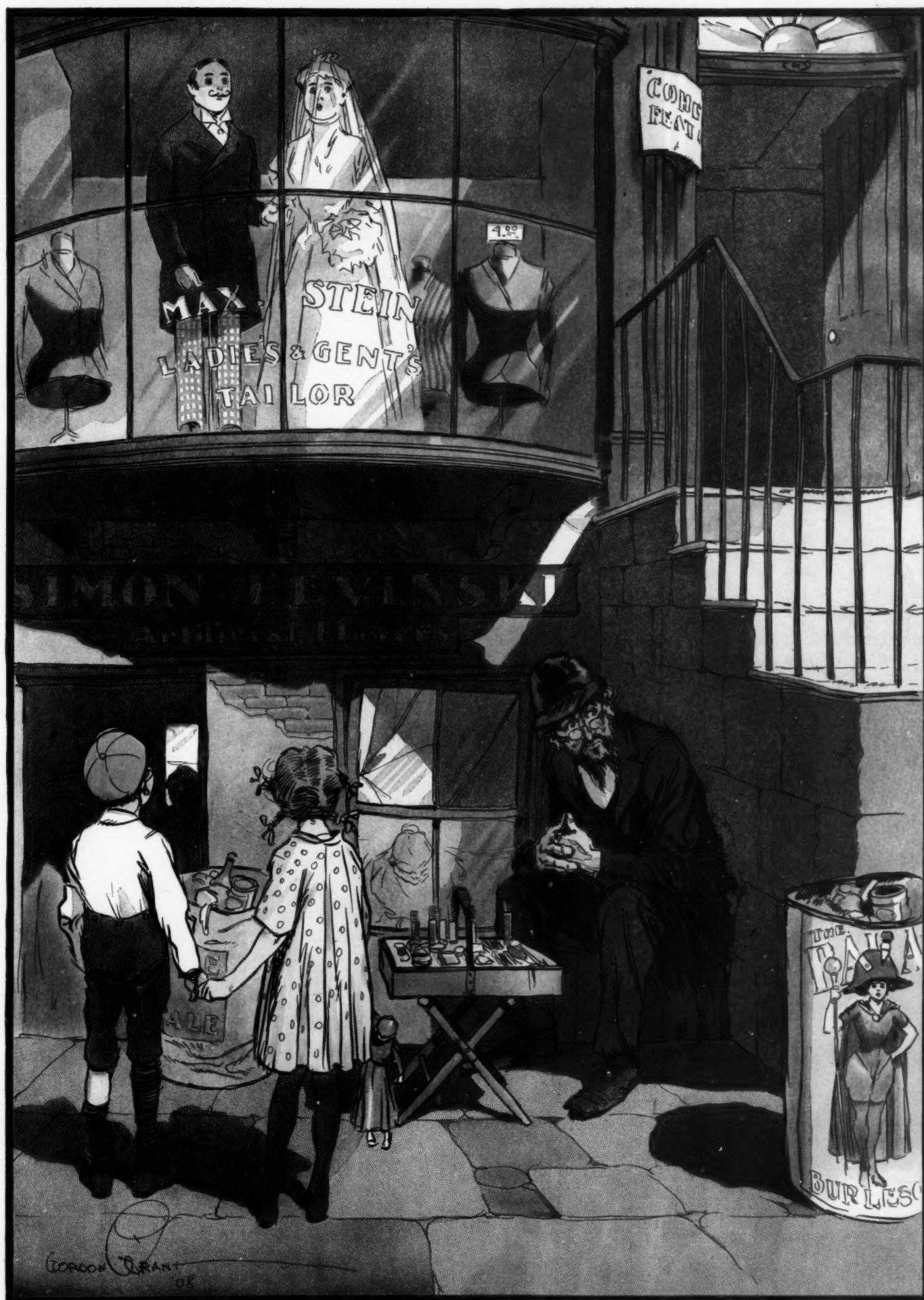
MRS. KNICKER.—Do you keep up the Santa Claus mystery?

MRS. DE VORCE.—Yes; Tommy doesn't know which Papa he is.



ALMOST AN ACTRESS AND NEARLY A DOG.

Where a girl marries a plain, solid, useful man, is it because she's sensible or because mission furniture happens to be in style?



LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.



FINALE.

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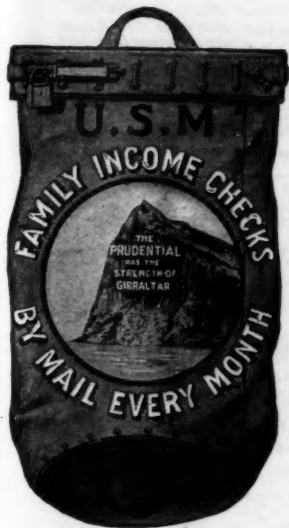
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The Very Newest Idea in PRUDENTIAL Life Insurance



A Statement by the President:

THERE is no other business which bears so important a relation to the welfare of the family as that of Life Insurance. The Prudential's object is to provide for the men and women of the United States the most practical form of Life Insurance Protection—that which will contribute most completely to the welfare of those for whose benefit Life Insurance is taken.

With this sincere purpose in mind, The Prudential is issuing a Life Insurance Policy which, it is believed, meets more closely the necessities of the family—those who are left behind when the breadwinner dies—than any other form of Life Insurance before the American people to-day.

It is called the **Monthly Income** Policy, from the fact that the proceeds, instead of being payable in one sum, are paid to the family in a **series of checks** on the first of each month,—and continue for a period of 20 years or for the lifetime of the Beneficiary if it has been so selected.

The great advantages of this plan are apparent. Think of being able to leave your wife a **Monthly Income**,—a guaranteed sum which nothing can disturb—not affected by hard times, bad judgment in investments—which cannot be lost, depreciated or stolen—but which will come to her regularly **every month for twenty years, or her lifetime**,—thus enabling her to adjust the family expenditures, relieving her from all worry and putting poverty out of reach.

This is just what the new Monthly Income Policy accomplishes—it pays the rent, the household bills, provides food, clothing, education for the children—perpetuates your salary in fact—all by a monthly Income which cannot fail.

THE COST of this policy is low. For example, if you should be 30 years old you could, by paying The Prudential \$167.35 per year (which means a saving of only \$13.95 per month, or about \$3.50 per week), assure to your family after your death—**\$50 Every Month for 20 years, or \$12,000 in all!** At slightly higher cost, you could make this Income payable to your wife or daughter **for her entire lifetime**. This is called the Whole Life Plan.

You can also arrange to confine all your payments to the Company to the first 20 years after taking out the Policy. This is called the 20 Payment Life Plan.

Now suppose you would like to arrange to **protect your own old age**—to assure yourself of an Income which would start 20 years from to-day, if living, and last for 20 years longer, or—for you as long as you live and your wife as long as she lives if she survives you. This can be done too, under the Endowment Plan.

Suppose you and your wife were both 40 years of age: \$214.20 per year (a saving of \$4.12 weekly) paid to the Company for 20 years would provide a **guaranteed Income** of \$25 per month, beginning at age 60 and **continuing as long as either you or your wife should live**,—and in any event for not less than 20 years.

Every rate and value in this Policy is absolutely guaranteed—in the Policy itself—while back of it are the great resources of The Prudential.

The success already attending this new Monthly Income Policy proves that it is striking the keynote of popular demand. You cannot afford to ignore a method of providing for your family or for your own old age a protection so sensible, so sure, so convenient, and so inexpensive. We wish to tell you what The Prudential can do for **You** in this matter. Write now while the subject is fresh in your mind. We will furnish you full information—just adapted to **Your** particular case.

Remember, we believe this to be the greatest plan for the protection of your family ever devised—marking an epoch in Life Insurance. **You** should take advantage of it, for your family's sake. **Write Now to**

**The Prudential Insurance Co.
OF AMERICA**

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

Home Office: Newark, N. J.

John F. Dryden
President

In order that we shall know where you read this we would appreciate it if you would mention this publication in your letter.

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EXTRA DRY

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JACK.—How do you steer that craft, matey?
CHAUFFEUR.—By dead reckoning.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

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WATERPROOFED LINEN
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COLLARS AND CUFFS

Needed by Every Man
If you wear LITHOLIN Water-
proofed Linen Collars and
Cuffs they keep their shape any-
where and don't crack or fray. There's
no laundering—you just wipe them
clean, and they are like new. You
save not less than \$16 a year. Unlike
Celluloid and Rubber, they look like
ordinary linen, and are cut in every
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clean linen all the time, at no cost.
Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c.
Always sold from Red Boxes.
Avoid Substitution.
If not at your dealer, send, giving
style, size, number wanted, with re-
mittance, and we will mail, postpaid.
Booklet of styles free on request.
THE FIBERLOID COMPANY
Dept. 2, 7 Waverly Place, New York

SCOTT.—Wherever does Eastly get
the idea that his jokes are funny?
MOTT.—Oh, he tells them to young
women with pretty teeth.—*Boston*
Transcript.

REPORTER.—Now, what was the
worst money panic you ever saw?
GREAT FINANCIER.—Last week,
when a ten-cent piece rolled to the floor
of a street-car and five women claimed
it!—*The X Ray*.

Puck Proofs

Photogravures from PUCK

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HUNGRY.

By George Blake. Photogravure in Carbon Black, 8x11.
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

This is but one example of
PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten
Cents for Catalogue with over
70 Miniature Reproductions.

Address PUCK,
295-309 Lafayette St., New York.

Trade supplied by the Gubelman Co.,
801 Third Avenue, New York.

SUITOR.—Your daughter, sir—well,
er—that is—she told me to come to
you—she says you—

PATER.—Quite so—I understand.
Let's see; are you Mr. Bronson or Mr.
Wibbles?

SUITOR.—Why, I'm Mr. Hotchkiss!
—*Cleveland Leader*.



QUALITY is the first consideration in whiskey and the index of quality is the "brand" or name it goes by.

There is an aristocracy among brands which means much to the dealer who wishes to cater to the best trade.

That aristocracy is limited, the very name of these elect suggests rich and rare quality.

I. W. HARPER

is the brand of brands, the Aristocrat of the Aristocracy, and its quality is worthy of its name. The mere mention of HARPER, to an old time connoisseur brings the smile of perfect approval to his face. HARPER IS

THE KIND YOUR GRANDFATHER USED.

Its production and distribution are closely controlled with the view of restricting its sale to the very best class of dealers. Never marketed until fully matured.

BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO. LOUISVILLE.

JUST BECAUSE.

Well, if they must have the truth, we don't care to have the women vote because they would chew the ends of all the pencils in the booths.—*New York World.*

A HARD LUCK STORY.

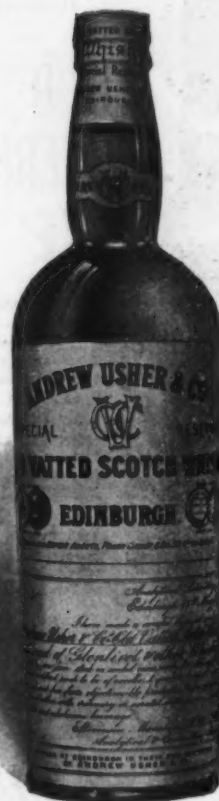
If I was a squirrel I'd have nothin' much to do,
Excep' to scamper roun' de tree when people come in view.
If I was a catfish or a shiner or a bass,
I'd simply have to swim aroun' an' let de seasons pass.
If I was a bird I'd go a-floatin' thro' de sky
A-pickin' out de climate dat I thought would satisfy.
If I was a bulldog or a setter or a spitz,
I'd romp aroun' an' bark an' scare de strangers into fits.
If I was mos' any critter dat I ever sees
I'd spend a heap o' time in doin' mos'ly as I please,
A livin' in de sunshine or where leafy shadows lurk;
But 'cause I's human folks, doggone! I's got to go to work!

A LITTLE LEARNING.

EARNEST FEMALE.—Professor, I hear you are a great ornithologist.

PROFESSOR.—I am an ornithologist, madam.

EARNEST FEMALE.—Then could you kindly tell me the botanical name for a whale?—*Boston Transcript.*



NO CHANCE FOR HIM.

"Mamma, can I ever be president?"

"Alas, no, my child, You were born before papa and mamma came to Ohio."—*Exchange.*

CONSPICUOUS.

"Never mind," said the persistent politician; "in spite of resentments I shall still be in the public eye."

"Perhaps," answered the heartless critic. "But the same might be said of the cinder you encounter in a railway train."—*Exchange.*

An Irish tenant who had just bought under the purchase act boasted to the agent that his landlord was now "God Almighty" and that he need fear nothing.

"Don't you be too sure, Pat," was the reply. "Remember God Almighty evicted his first two tenants."—*The Christian Advocate.*



NATURE'S BALANCE.

MRS. HAY.—Cousin Jennie insists on marrying that little sawed-off George Brown.

MR. HAY.—Well, there's one comfort—there ain't much of him.

It's the proper thing to take Abbott's Bitters with a glass of sherry or soda before meals; gives you an appetite. At all druggists.

THE TALLY.

"What are these notches in your gun?" asked the flirt, who was visiting the ranch.

"They represent men," replied Cactus Sim, "who thought they wuz smarter than I wuz."

"A good idea. I'll have to notch my parasol handle."—*Washington Herald.*

SHE.—I'm going to give you back our engagement ring—I love another.

HE.—Give me his name and address.

SHE.—Do you want to kill him?

HE.—No, I want to sell him the ring.—*Pick-Me-Up.*

ONE thing that is badly needed in the South is the legal execution of a few "prominent citizens" who shoot other "prominent citizens" to death for comparatively trivial offenses. Also, that is one thing sadly needed in the East, the West, and the North. Murder has come to be an all too common thing throughout the entire nation.—*Washington Herald.*

A Holiday Necessity

A BOX OF



Fancy Boxes & Baskets in all Sizes & at all Prices in large variety of Designs

SOLD BY OUR
AUTHORIZED SALES AGENTS EVERYWHERE
& AT ANY OF OUR FIFTY RETAIL STORES

AN ULTIMATUM.

You have treated me badly, though madly
I've loved you for nearly a year;
You've been turning me down with your ugliest frown,

And I'm growing discouraged, I fear.
You may think it amusing, refusing
The offers I've made of my hand.
I've been patient and meek, but at last I must speak—

It is more than a fellow can stand.

It is hard to be doing this wooing
So long when you never respond
When the chance is so small you'll be in when I call—

It is hard to be faithful and fond;
When you yawn through my visit, now is it
A thing that a fellow would like?
You must make up your mind pretty soon to be kind

Or, I give you fair warning, I'll strike.

It's a strain on affection; rejection
And snubbing's not easy to bear.
When with others you flirt my best feelings are hurt,

It seems almost a hopeless affair.
It has spoiled my good humor, this rumor,
I can't say that I like it a bit.
If it's true you're engaged I shall be so enraged
That I really believe I shall quit.—*Chicago News.*



SURBRUG'S
ARCADIA
MIXTURE

The tobacco with a regret.
The regret is that you have wasted so many years before you began smoking ARCADIA.
The great brotherhood of pipe smokers, who appreciate a soothing and meditative pipe, and are trying to find a tobacco that satisfies perfectly, will find their ideal in ARCADIA MIXTURE.
If you have never had the luxury of smoking ARCADIA

SEND 10 CENTS and we will send a sample.

If you are a devotee send us a eulogy.

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OLD OVERHOLT RYE

A mellow, mature whiskey, scientifically distilled, carefully aged in charred oak barrels, and bottled in bond under Government supervision. The Government green stamp over the cork of each bottle is a guarantee of age, proof and quantity.

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Safety Automatic REVOLVER

is not a revolver for you to make temporarily safe by throwing on or off some button or lever, but a revolver that we have made *permanently and automatically* safe by the patented exclusive Iver Johnson construction.

Our Free Booklet, "Shots," tells the whole story. Send your name on a postal—it will be mailed free with our full catalogue.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver Richly nickeled, 22 cal. rim-fire or 32 cal. center-fire, 3-in. bbl.; or 38 cal. center-fire, 3½-in. bbl. \$6	Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver Richly nickeled, 32 calibre center-fire, 3-in. barrel; or 38 calibre center-fire, 3½-inch barrel. \$7
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Extra length barrel or blued finish at slight extra cost.

Sold by hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

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"Champion" Single Barrel Shotgun, \$8.00
 A 1909 design. Barrel and lug forged from one piece of solid steel.

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Every dealer authorized to give a new **Krementz Collar Button** in exchange for an old one that is broken from any cause, and ask no questions.

We make this offer because Krementz Buttons are made for hard service, of honest materials, with no solder joints.

The quality is stamped on the back and guaranteed. Shape is just right.

Easy to button and unbutton.

Look for the name "KREMENTZ" on the back and be sure to get the genuine.

At all dealers. Solid gold and rolled plate.

Always Acceptable for Christmas.

Send for Story of Collar Button

Krementz & Co., 61 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

Mid-winter Bathing

on Florida's warm sands and delightful water is an alluring thought. The short cut to this pleasure of the

Sunny South

is to sail for **CHARLESTON** and **JACKSONVILLE** on board of one of the fine steamers of the

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A FRIEND IN NEED.

MR. HICKERY (*in an agitated whisper*).—Let's hev the glasses b'fore they go off, Jobez.

MR. HIRAMTON (*an admirer of feminine beauty*).—Thought yer said the glasses wuz a sinful waste of money.

MR. HICKERY.—So I did; but *that* wuz when the trained dogs wuz on, Jobez.

Cellarette, side-board, sleeping-car or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Adds zest and flavor, aids digestion.

Pure



good
old
**RED
TOP
RYE**

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
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Xmas Tip

Send him several doz. bottles of good old

Evans Ale

The true Holiday beverage with which to Promote the good cheer of Christmas.

Any Dealer Anywhere. C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

LOOKING AHEAD?

If so, start a store or other business in one of the new towns in the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho or Washington along the Pacific Coast Extension of the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway
 Descriptive Books Free. F. A. Miller, G. P. A., Chicago

Do you know that you can, through a New Monthly Income Policy, begin now to provide a regular monthly check for your own use, the first check to come, say twenty years hence, and regularly thereafter every month as long as you live? This is a great opportunity and one which will assure you comfort and independence in your later years. Ask THE PRUDENTIAL, Newark, N. J., for particulars of this new plan of Endowment insurance.

NESTOR

CIGARETTES

"NESTOR"	"IMPORTED"	"ROYAL NESTOR"
Green Label. 35 cts.	40 cts.	Blue Label. 15 cts.

Oh! NESTOR brand—I love you yet—The world's most famous Cigarette.



"TO those that we love, and to those that love us—and to those that love those that we love, And to those that love those that love us."

For the Christmas Toast

Club Cocktails

a mixed-to-measure blend of fine old liquors aged to delicious mellowness. CLUB COCKTAILS are a bottled delight, the only perfect cocktails. No mixed-by-guess-work cocktail ever made can duplicate their even exquisite flavor.

At all dealers. Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are universal favorites.

G. F. Heublein & Bro.
(Sole Proprietors)

HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON



PUCK'S ILLUMINATED CHRISTMAS CARD

Those of our readers who, in former years, have made their friends a **CHRISTMAS PRESENT** of a year's Subscription to PUCK, will be glad to learn that we are still issuing our Handsome Presentation Card. It is designed by the well-known artist, Mr. F. A. Nankivell, and is a beautiful example of color printing.

The Best Christmas Present— A Year's Subscription to Puck and Puck's Christmas Card

Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as A **SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT**, but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card, of which the above reduced sketch gives the design in outline.



This card, (size $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$ inches,) printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of the giver and receiver are *printed* on the card as indicated.

**Now, here is something tangible to give;
To send by mail to distant dear ones;
To put in the stocking, or to lay under the Xmas tree.**

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making A **SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT**.
Address, PUCK, NEW YORK.

No Stropping

No Honing



Give Him a Gillette Safety Razor for Christmas

HE will use it, never fear! And thank you from his heart every time he shaves.

Over two million men are using the Gillette—any one of them will tell you he would not be without it for ten times its cost.

Shaving in the old way is the bane of a man's life. It means time wasted at the barber-shop—or tedious stropping and scraping with the old-fashioned razor, with the certainty of cuts and scratches if he is nervous or in a hurry. Besides, as you know, he is not always shaved when he ought to be.

The Gillette makes shaving easy. Takes only

five minutes for a smooth, satisfying shave, no matter how rough the beard or tender the skin.

No stropping, no honing. Any man can use it. It is the one razor that is safe—cannot cut his face—and it is the only razor that can be adjusted for a light or a close shave.

A man is conservative. He takes to the Gillette like a duck to water once he gets acquainted—but, as with other improvements, it sometimes takes a woman to lead him to it.

The Gillette makes a beautiful gift, with its triple silver-plated handle, in velvet lined, full leather case.

Standard set, as illustrated above, \$5.00.

Combination sets, \$6.50 to \$50.00.

Send for illustrated booklet to-day.

The Gillette is on sale at all leading jewelry, drug, cutlery, hardware and sporting goods stores. If your dealer cannot supply you write to us.

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Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING